

MIRACLES STILL HAPPEN

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Introduction

There are two distinct worlds; the physical and the spiritual. We cannot see God and His angels, or the devil and his demons, unless God allows us to do so. However, that doesn't mean they don't exist. We cannot see the wind, but we can see its effects. A gentle breeze can sway a tree; a hurricane can uproot it. So no matter how much people deny God's existence they cannot deny those things that they see on a daily basis, the sky, the grass, the flowers, food and water etc.

Romans 1:19 - 20

19/ ...what can be known about God is plain to them for, God himself made it plain.
20/ Ever since God created the world, his invisible qualities, both his eternal power and his divine nature, have been clearly seen; they are perceived in the things that God has made. So those people have no excuse at all!

The purpose of this book has been to share the reality of God with those who read its pages. The stories are factual and show that miracles did not die with the disciples and apostles. God, through the Holy Spirit and the Lord Jesus Christ, is as active today, as He was then, in the lives of the people who want to get to know Him.

Hebrew 13:8

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and for ever.

If only people would seek a personal relationship with God through His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, their lives would be dramatically changed and they would experience miracles in their life and the lives of the people around them.

Chapter 1

Fiji

Kara

In 1984 my daughter Rachael and I went to Fiji for a holiday. The first seven days were spent at Dick's Place on Malolo Lai Lai Island. We were delighted with the Fijian style accommodation. While unpacking, a slim, tall Fijian woman, in her late twenties entered and asked if we needed anything. During our stay she would be looking after us and the bure (the hut we lived in). The red hibiscus was firmly anchored behind her ear and contrasted beautifully with the white teeth and dark skin.

I don't even remember how the subject of Jesus came up, but when it did, she started to cry. As we talked, it turned out that she had grown cold and wanted to know Jesus again. As we read the Bible, the Holy Spirit touched her and she gave her heart back to Jesus.

The next day she brought three other women with her to hear the Word of God. Again the Holy Spirit touched their hearts and all three rededicated their lives to Jesus Christ. For the rest of our stay, we then had Bible study every evening.

On the last night I decided to simply read as much of the Gospel of John as possible. We didn't get any further than chapter one, where John talks about water baptism. I asked Kara if she had been baptised as an adult. The answer was, "no". I suggested that she should go to the mainland and attend to the matter.

"But, what if I can't find a minister?" was the reply.

During our conversation God spoke to me. "You baptise her."

My reaction was, "What me? I am not a minister; besides I'm a woman!"

"You are my disciple, aren't you?"

God doesn't look at our gender, only our heart condition. Without further argument (arguments with God are pointless, He always wins), I hesitantly asked Kara if she would like me to baptise her. She was delighted with the suggestion. Only later did she tell me that God had told her that morning at 8 o'clock, to ask me to baptise her.

As the ocean was just outside the front door, I figured that there would be plenty of water for my first baptism. Wrong; the tide was out! Much can be said for Kara's love for Jesus, because water, or no water, darkness or daylight, (it was 10 o'clock at night) she was determined to be baptised. So we walked, for what seemed kilometres, out onto the reef, in knee deep water.

The shore lights gradually faded in the distance and the dark waters of the ocean appeared in front of us. I decided that knee deep was better, than no water at all. Never having baptised anybody, I didn't have the faintest idea of what to say, so I simply said, "Kara, do you want to follow the Lord Jesus Christ through the waters of baptism?" Her reply came quickly and clearly. "Yes". I then said to her, "I baptise you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit; according to the commands of the Lord Jesus Christ." Then I asked her to lie down making sure that the water covered her.

As we waded back to shore I heard splashes in the water. Being in the tropics my first thought was -- sea snakes! I turned to Kara and asked her if that was the case. "Oh yes, lots and lots, that's why I was a bit frightened to go into the water." Just as well Kara told me after the baptism, because I certainly wouldn't have gone into the water if I had known about the sea snakes - which by the way are much deadlier than land snakes. Neither the snakes, nor the sharp coral could keep Kara from following Jesus' commands once she had made her decision.

Leprosy

The last seven days of our holiday in Fiji were to be spent on the mainland at Crows Nest. Here we met Selai, who introduced us to Mary. It didn't take long for the women and myself to sit down and read the Bible. The day before our departure Mary invited Rachael and myself to visit her family in the village.

Shattered were my images of post card Fijian villages, where huts are made of dried grasses and artistically plaited palm leaves. Here the walls and roof were made of corrugated iron. The average size Australian lounge room, plus one bedroom was the size of this dwelling. A piece of material, down the middle of the sleeping section divided the double bunks and single bed from the parent's double bed. The living quarters contained a kerosene fridge, food cupboard and a lounge. A small outhouse provided shower and toilet facilities. What the house lacked in material possessions was compensated for in cosiness.

The village we had been invited to, was not what we had expected, but Rachael and I were very glad to have been given the opportunity to meet a Fijian family in their home. As Billy said, "Unless you come into our villages and enter our homes, you will never come to know the Fijians and Fiji."

Joining the family on the uneven clay floor, we enjoyed the delicious food of corned beef and beans. They in turn enjoyed the apples I had brought them. From talking about every day issues the conversation turned to Mary's husband Billy, and his hand that was being eaten up by leprosy. I shared with him how I used to be a cripple and how Jesus had brought my dead leg back to life again. I assured him that even though the leg, over a period of time, had shrunk almost to skin and bone, God had totally restored it and He could do the same for Billy's hand.

As we talked about the love of God and His mighty ways, Billy broke down and cried. When the sobbing eased, relief rather than embarrassment showed on his face. Men have been conditioned not to cry, it is only the Holy Spirit who can touch a man's heart to the point where he can see himself for what he really is. Sharing the simple gospel of Jesus Christ with Billy, had given God the opportunity to touch his heart.

Billy had once been a Christian, but worldly interests had cooled his relationship with God. Before becoming a Christian he had leprosy in his right hand, but praise God, he was healed of that condition when he turned to Jesus. Unfortunately the leprosy returned when he became unfaithful to God and his wife.

I asked if Billy wanted to give his life back to Jesus. The answer was, "yes". God then told me to put my hand on his diseased hand and pray for healing. Unlike the disobedience I had shown, in the market place, when God had told me to pray for a woman with a goiter, I did as I was told immediately. In the market place I had been too shy (ashamed, fearful??) to obey God's voice three times, there was no excuse to be disobedient again.

Mary wrote a few weeks later and told me that her husband's hand had been completely restored, as had their marriage and his walk with God. Both are now happily serving Jesus Christ.

Many years later I still thank God for that healing in Billy's hand, but I am also still saddened by my disobedience in not praying for the woman with the goiter. God wanted to heal her, but I wouldn't allow Him to use me as a vessel. I can only hope somebody more obedient came along soon afterwards.

Back in Australia - the flea plague

Rachael and I had barely passed through customs when we were joyfully embraced by my other two daughters, Connie and Sonja, and Paul, my son-in-law. Echoes of, "we've missed you" were mingled with; "oh mum, the smash repair place resprayed the car bonnet a slightly different colour".

"Sorry, but half of the plants died, we forgot to water them."

"By the way there is also a flea plague in the flat."

My head was spinning at what I heard. I felt like getting on the next plane back to Fiji.

Unpacking the suitcases was exciting, both for my family and myself. Being back home, in familiar surroundings felt great. The fleas must have realised that the mistress of the house had returned for they were in hiding. I even told the children that they must have imagined a 'flea plague'. Fleas or no fleas, I fell into bed that night, leaving half empty suitcases and dirty clothes scattered around the lounge room.

Shock, horror, the gumboots weren't made out of black rubber, but black writhing bodies. This realisation hit me as I began to draw back the curtains next morning. So there was a flea plague after all! Just as well the pests were only sucking my blood from the knees down.

Being a perfectionist where cleanliness is concerned, I wasn't going to share our home with millions of unwelcome, disease carrying insects. A very quick trip to the supermarket and five cans of surface spray, seemed to be the answer. First, all plants had to be carried out onto the front and back balcony, so that the fumes wouldn't kill them. Next, with a lot of muscle power, the furniture was shifted to one corner. The large lounge and dining room, hallway and three bedrooms were all thoroughly sprayed. The effort nearly killed me; whether the fleas had been affected was another matter.

The next day there was a drop in numbers, but they had not been totally destroyed. I decided it was time to ring up the local pest control company. They promised to come the next day. That night, as I said my prayers, not even thinking of the fleas, God said:

"When my people were in Egypt, no plagues came near them, only the Egyptians were bothered by plagues. I created the fleas, I can just as easily exterminate them."

I was absolutely thrilled by what God had said. Naturally I prayed immediately asking God to kill off every flea. However, not until I picked up the phone the next morning and cancelled the pest control appointment, did all the fleas drop dead. Not one could be found and even many years later no flea ever bothered us again. Praise God for a mighty miracle.

Several days later God revealed to me why he had allowed me to go through all that trauma. In my own strength I had not been able to get rid of the fleas. I was to stop over-working myself, and instead I was to rely on the guidance of the Holy Spirit to help me in all situations. With God on your side, life is so much easier and cheaper.

Chapter 2

Egypt

People all over the world have a favourite place they would like to visit. Egypt and Israel have always held a fascination for me, so on the spur of the moment I decided to visit these two countries, leaving on the 14th December 1990 and returning on the 1st January 1991.

No book, video, or pamphlet can prepare the visitor for the sounds, sights and smells of Egypt. People had warned me that I would find the place dirty, men would molest me and I would have a terrible time. None of the above was true and I had a wonderful time.

Egypt is very much part of Jewish history. Joseph was sold into slavery and ended up becoming second-in-charge to Pharaoh. Can you imagine my excitement, when on the island of Philae the guide pointed to a large stone saying that it contained the story of the seven years of famine and plenty, as well as the story of a young Semite who ruled second-in-charge to Pharaoh? The guide was quick to point out that the young man could not have been the Joseph of the Old Testament, because the name on the stone was an Egyptian one. What joy when later in the day God reminded me that Joseph had been given an Egyptian name, Zaphenath Paneah. (Genesis 41:45-46)

I marvelled at the massive statue of Rameses, at the Karnak temple complex, at Luxor. Whether this was the same Rameses who had enslaved the children of Israel, I don't know. What I do know is that, "The Israelites built the cities of Pithom and Rameses to serve as supply centres for the king." Exodus 1:11

Moses, a great man of God was born in Egypt. He led the Israelites out of captivity. God performed many mighty miracles among His people on their way to the promised land. Even so they continuously complained and grieved God by their unbelief. Things haven't changed that much these days. God's patience with His rebellious people absolutely amazes me.

Haggai 2:4 But now don't be discouraged, any of you. Do the work, for I am with you.

5/ When you came out of Egypt, I promised that I would always be with you. I am still with you, so do not be afraid.

The Bible speaks of worldly living as representing Egypt. I can say a hundred percent that God has never forsaken me since I turned my back on the world. "You are not of this world." God spoke these words to me during the night, as well as the following day. Not until I read John 17:16 did I realise how blessed I was. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

The Egyptian guide Mohammed, tried to live in two worlds. God showed me this clearly as we toured a tomb in the Valley of the Queens. As the tour group followed Mohammed through the passageway into the tomb, God showed me that this man, although calling himself a Muslim, believed in the gods of Ancient Egypt. Constant visits to the tombs had allowed the spirits (demons) of these 'gods' to attach themselves to his mind. He was shocked when I told him what God had shown me. After all, devout Muslims only believe in

Allah. To then be caught out believing in the gods of Ancient Egypt was a shock to the system.

As we walked through the amazing temple complex of Karnak, God spoke to me again about Mohammed. I was to pray the following for him. His eyes were to be opened to what was around him; broken down monuments, left by dead people. He was to turn from the dead monuments to the living God - Jesus Christ.

I was able to share with Mohammed what God had shown me, both before and during the flight from Luxor to Cairo. The man listened eagerly to my testimonies about Jesus. He, like everybody else I talked to about Jesus, was fascinated by the amazing miracles that God performs. People want to hear about the reality of God, not listen to boring religious arguments.

While in Cairo I decided to visit the Anglican church, just around the corner from the Hotel Marriott, where I was staying. The church service had just finished and I introduced myself to the first couple I spotted. All the people were Sudanese and that was how I met Lorna and Emmanuel. This kind couple invited me to their home for dinner the following evening. After a wonderful day of visiting the pyramids, the sphinx and the Cairo museum, I was picked up by Emmanuel.

The couple was so thrilled to hear about the mighty works of God, that they invited the neighbours as well. As the couple had not been baptised by full immersion as adults, it was my turn to invite them back to the Marriott. God must have had a reason for putting me in a hotel with a luxurious bathroom, and a deep bath. Emmanuel and Lorna, like most Sudanese, are very tall.

Pick-up time for the bus was 5 a.m. A chilly wind hit me straight between the eyes as I left the cosy hotel and boarded the bus. The sun had not yet risen, so we travelled in darkness. The poor of Cairo were already up and about carrying massive trays of freshly baked bread on their heads. The thin rags would not have kept out the winter wind. Two worlds were gliding past each other; the world of the tourist sitting in a comfortable coach and the world of the Egyptian poor.

The bus left the narrow streets of Cairo and clawed its way up a steep hill to the last pick-up point for passengers. While the luggage was being loaded onto the bus, God directed my attention to a very large tree growing beside the hotel. The tree was ugly. The branches contained no leaves. The only beautiful thing about the tree was the nineteen large white flowers. How do I know that there were nineteen flowers? I had plenty of time to count them, considering how long it took to load the bus and seat the new passengers.

The white flowers stood out against the dark morning sky. God told me that they represented His children and the ugly tree represented the world. How true is the Word of God that tells us to be the spotless bride, ready for the return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Chapter 3

Israel

I guess the natural sequence of events is to follow the dark road heading towards Israel. To the Australian citizen an armed escort is what they see on television, or in an adventure film. Being part of that convoy felt exciting. I wouldn't have been so thrilled if bullets had ripped the bus and passengers to threads. The Egyptian government had decided these precautions were necessary after Palestinians stopped a bus the previous year, shooting all the Israeli tourists.

The trip from Egypt to Israel, although ten hours, was very pleasant. Not all the time was spent travelling, there were delays when changing the escort, or waiting patiently at the border.

I sat at the front of the bus next to Karim, the owner of the company. Before long I was sharing the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with this Muslim. He in return, by the time we were ready to cross the Suez Canal, was calling me mother and feeding me from the lunch his wife had packed him. The hours flew quickly as we chatted. Even at a tiny town, when we stopped for a meal, I felt safe under the protection of this man.

As our journey continued I was contented to just sit and absorb scenes from an ancient land, where time had stood still. The sights along the way were fascinating. Bedouin encampments in the distance consisting of tents or rough wrought iron makeshift houses, camel herds strolling leisurely in the distance, or shepherds herding sheep, or goats. There was also the occasional oasis, a green patch that stood out for its tall palm trees, in the middle of rocky ground. I had expected to see only rolling hills of sand, this wasn't the case.

The ancient sights in Egypt thrilled me. The religiousness in Israel, especially Jerusalem, disgusted me. God must be so sad when He looks down at His beloved city. Jesus is big business in Jerusalem. Stalls and stores will sell anything from pebbles 'Jesus stepped on' to the most useless rubbish you can imagine. When the guide said we would go to the birth place of Jesus, I became excited! Instead, we entered a church. I asked if this was the actual birth place of Christ. His reply was, "Oh no!" If that wasn't enough, the church was divided into two sections, one for the Catholics and one for the Greek Orthodox.

The section we happened to be in was Catholic. Long lines of nuns patiently waited to kiss the marble slab at the centre of which was a silver star and a ruby goblet. The church of the Holy Sepulchre wasn't much better. Jesus hadn't been buried here either. From the church of the Ascension, to the church of Saint Peter, to the church near the tomb of Lazarus, to the church of ????. Some people in Australia go for a pub crawl, the tour I was on went for a church crawl. After a while I became thoroughly sick of the gold and silver, jewel covered religious ornaments and statues of the saints, Mary and Joseph. Between the Catholic church and the Orthodox churches (Greek, Russian etc.), the market was well and truly covered. Sadly I didn't come across one person who had a personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

The visit to "Jesus' Town" Capernaum, really did it. All that marked the place where Jesus had once walked -- you guessed it -- were Catholic buildings. Don't ask me what they were because I don't remember. There was the ruin of a synagogue I would have liked to have had a closer look at. Beside those ruins also were the foundations of Peter's mother-in-law's house. Have a guess what prevented me? You've guessed it, a fence, but more annoyingly the building of a Catholic church, which had been built on a platform, on a pylon, rising straight

out of the middle of ruins. The only way to get into the complex was to be booked in for mass first. At that news I really became annoyed! What gave the Catholic Church the right to monopolise ancient biblical sights! The next day I decided not to go on another church crawl, but made my own way around Tiberius.

Once I had left the religiousness behind I felt terrific. My first project was to climb the hill behind Tiberius. From the top I had a great view of the Sea of Galilee and the Jordanian mountains. I hadn't felt God's presence in any of the churches the tour group had visited, but here on the hill I felt a tremendous peace as I reached out to God in prayer. At least it was possible that Jesus could have climbed this hill with His disciples. Only when it started to rain did I tear myself away from what I felt to be God's presence.

As the rain didn't last too long I decided to walk through the shopping centre. Two hours later I returned to the hotel laden with goodies - leather shoes and magnificently hand-crafted glass vases.

Later on that afternoon I enjoyed a swim in the heated swimming pool. The swim became even more enjoyable as I listened to the winter storms raging outside, how relaxing. As relaxing as bobbing up and down in the Dead Sea! The tour had stopped at the Dead Sea after viewing the fortress of Masada. King Herod, had been the first to see the possibilities of the plateau. The king wanted a summer retreat, so he built a palace on three levels on the northern aspect of the plateau. Sixty years after Herod's death, the fortress became the final resting place of 960 Zealots. This group of Jews preferred suicide, rather than falling into the hands of the Roman army, which had laid siege to the fortress. What made the visit to Masada even more enjoyable, was the fact that there were no modern churches amongst these ancient ruins. The builders in the time of Herod had shown genius, as could be seen in the remains of the bath-house. I was particularly interested in seeing distinct patterns in floor designs, or fragments of colour in remaining pieces of plaster.

Once the tour had finished I was able to enjoy two days of wandering, by myself, through the bazaar, in the old city of Jerusalem. The store holders were friendly and I enjoyed sitting and chatting with them. One store holder invited me to join him for a cup of coffee. Considering I was a total stranger, he trusted me with his belongings while he went to the nearest store to buy the coffee. I felt as if the clock had been turned back thousands of years as I sat on a low stool, amongst goods only found in the Middle East. My host asked me about Australia, while I asked him about his Palestinian background and life in Jerusalem. At no stage was I molested by either Palestinian or Jew.

On my second last day in Jerusalem I thoroughly enjoyed wandering through the "Tower of David" museum. There were models and artifacts representing 3,000 years of Jewish history. The model representing the siege of Jerusalem, by the Romans 70 AD, gave the viewer a better understanding of life at that time. Seeing the Roman influence in miniature, reminded me of the Roman monuments at Caesarea, the aqueducts and the amphitheatre.

I didn't find Jesus in Israel although there were plenty of churches commemorating biblical events. I had found Jesus twenty years ago, when I had cried out to God saying, "God I've made a mess of my life, help me to clean it up." I'm glad that God doesn't have a complex about being used; waiting and hoping, that maybe, one day somebody will actually talk to Him.

Jesus wasn't in the ruins of archaeological sights, or old churches, He had actually travelled with me in my heart. That is the miracle of my trip to Egypt and Israel. God showed me a land that has featured so much in biblical history, "I called my Son out of Egypt" and the land Israel, which God sent His Son to, so that through His birth and resurrection we might have eternal life.

Religion causes division. Those who truly seek God will find Him, but only through the Lord Jesus Christ. Often people will say to me, "Oh you're very religious. What church do you belong to?"

"None," is the immediate reply.

"But you have to have fellowship somewhere. I'm a Baptist." (Or whatever other denomination they might mention.)

My answer always is, "True, but I always associate myself with Jesus first, for let's face it, no denomination ever died on the cross."

Chapter 4

Papua New Guinea

On 17th January, 1996, I boarded a plane bound for Papua New Guinea. I was to start teaching at the Lae Technical College the following Monday, the 22nd. After a two day stopover in Port Moresby, the trip continued on to Lae. Common sense should have told me that a third world country isn't rich and that I need not have bought new suitcases; they only stood out amongst the tattered ones of the nationals who also left the plane at Nadzab Airport. Mareg, the driver and also a lecturer from the college, was already waiting.

The scenery flashed passed the speeding bus. The whole trip resembled an obstacle course, as Mareg tried to avoid the huge potholes. What, with the swerving and the speed, it was not possible to take photos, so I just sat back and relaxed.

There were small clusters of grass huts sheltering under tall palm trees. At intervals locals sat by the roadside selling their wares; kaukau, sweet potatoes, bananas, coconuts and yellowish green fruits, the size of a plum. Occasionally a pig could be seen looking for food in the rubbish that was lying around. The dogs looked mangy and very underfed.

Closer to the suburbs the grass huts were replaced by solid cement block dwellings. As in Port Moresby, the doors and windows were covered with heavy iron bars. All the signs pointed to heavy criminal activity, but from the safety of the bus I didn't worry about that. Once in town the place looked like a war zone, very high wire fences topped with razor wire, electric gates, blood hounds and security guards - all for the purpose of keeping out the "rascals" - criminals in Pidgin.

My new home was to be a two storey townhouse, in a complex of four. My neighbours on one side were a national doctor and his wife and their children. On the other side lived an African and his P.N.G wife. The last unit was empty. As it turned out Simon the African, was my boss and would give me a lift to and from work.

From day one, Anastasia, the doctor's wife, and I hit it off. As all nationals, that I worked with, or befriended, she was lovely and couldn't do enough for me. On my first visit to her home I was dismayed to see how sick their child was. On the floor lay a very thin child, who appeared to be about 11 to 12 months old; in fact it was 17 months. The, eyes appeared over-large because of the bony face. My heart grieved because it was only too obvious that the child would not live past its 17 months. Although the father was a prominent doctor and the mother a nurse there was nothing they had been able to do. Even visits to Australian doctors in Port Moresby had been of no use. There was nothing that could be done about the hole in the heart, or the complications in the respiratory system. The following week I asked the parents to bring the child to my home, so that we could pray for him. Little Marcus had been baptised into the Catholic Church. I now asked the parents to dedicate the child to

Almighty God the Lord Jesus Christ, then I claimed the child's healing and prayed according to Isaiah 53:5.

But because of our sins he was wounded, beaten because of the evil we did. We are healed by the punishment he suffered, made whole by the blows he received.

Nothing happened! There was no improvement at all in his condition. A week later as I was nursing the child, God spoke to me and told me to rebuke the spirit of infirmity. As I prayed earnestly for a few minutes, Marcus started to cough up mucus. Then he smiled and relaxed. After that prayer, the heartbeat and breathing became normal. The intake of food increased to the point where little rolls of fat appeared covering the ribs. Six weeks later for the first time, he started to crawl and two months later he was pulling himself up and walking by holding onto the furniture. Everybody that knew the family was amazed at the mighty miracle God had performed in Marcus.

People will ask how can a tiny baby have a demon in it that nearly caused it to die? The answer is simple. What the parents are involved in! After seeing the miracle in her child and hearing the message about Jesus Christ, Anastasia turned away from the church and instead asked God to forgive her for her sins and made Jesus Christ the Lord of her life. Shortly afterwards she followed Jesus through the waters of baptism. As she started to read the Bible she realised that much of what the Catholic Church teaches is not true.

The devil doesn't like it when you make a stand for Jesus, so one day at 7.30 in the morning, while on the way to work, Simon and I were held up at gun point. Even now I can see the man standing in the middle of the road, the sawn off shot-gun resting on his hip. The instant the car stopped a man with a bush knife pulled open the door, commanding me to get out. The same happened to Simon. The four men, two with guns and two with bush knives, then jumped into the car and sped off. The two of us were left standing on the road with nothing but our clothes. As the policeman later commented, we had been 'lucky' because I hadn't been dragged into the bushes and raped.

Just when I was getting over the armed hold up, the townhouse was broken into one night. My terrified screams brought the neighbours running. The criminals fled before they could be caught. As I couldn't bear to stay in the townhouse once it had been broken into, the college moved me to its motel units. At least I could breathe easily again.

One night my colleague and friend, Mary, together with her fiancé John, came to visit me. During the course of the evening John told me how he had been sick for many years, suffering from chest pains, headaches, constipation and other intestinal problems. The doctors couldn't help and finally he had to give up his well paid job as an accountant. Before the pair left, John asked me to pray for him. I said a simple prayer asking God to let his intestines function properly and rebuked the parasites feeding on him. The chest pains and headaches were a result of the abdominal problems, so God caused me to pray for a mighty anointing of peace from the Holy Spirit.

The distance from the motel unit to their house was only a ten minute walk, but by the time they had arrived, John needed to go to the toilet. He hadn't done that for a long time without the aid of medication. The chest pains and headaches also disappeared. Praise God for the mighty work done in John's body.

After being healed and hearing the message about God's salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, Mary left the Catholic Church and John left the Lutheran Church. Reading the

Bible on a daily basis, both could see that what the two churches were teaching didn't add up. Neither had found peace of mind, joy or healing, in the church they had attended, but they found it, and more, through a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

A few weeks later I made the following diary entry:

Wow, today I had the privilege of baptising Mary and John. What a mighty change God has performed in their lives. They are both beaming.

When the criminals attempted to break into the motel unit on two occasions, I decided to move in with Mary. At last I felt safe.

Before the couple had become Christians, they had ignored the poor and the crippled on the street. Now, they decided to go to the hospital and bring food to the sick children. One day I offered to take John's place. From then on Mary and I made regular visits every Friday afternoon straight after work. First however, we had to rush to the local market, before it closed, to buy the food. Finally, laden with bananas, raw peanuts, sugar fruit, hard boiled eggs and whatever else we could find that was easy to eat, we entered the children's ward.

John 8:31 So Jesus said to those who believed in him, "If you obey my teaching, you are really my disciples;

Mark 16:17 Believers will be given the power to perform miracles: they will drive out demons in my name: they will speak in strange tongues:

18) if they pick up snakes or drink any poison, they will not be harmed; they will place their hands on sick people, and they will get well."

Being a disciple of Jesus Christ, I put Mark 16:17&18 into practice and saw many mighty miracles as I prayed for the children. There were many cases of malaria, both in tiny babies and older children. In one instance we had just entered the ward when we heard a seven or eight year old child sobbing loudly. He was terribly distressed. After Mary had asked permission to pray, I sank to my knees beside his low bed. I placed my hand on his little forehead, which was burning up. As I prayed the crying stopped and the child fell asleep. Miraculously within minutes the temperature also returned to normal.

There were also many cases of tuberculosis. After weeks of prayer, the children's health improved dramatically and they were able to leave the hospital. Mary and I were overjoyed to see empty beds the next week, or hear parents tell us how God had performed a miracle in their child. Such was the case of a nine month old baby I had prayed for. The child's head had almost been twice its size, yet the swelling went down completely just after we left. In two other cases children had been in a coma for ten and fourteen days. After prayer both children regained consciousness - praise God.

One day we came to a couple who were holding twins. One was healthy and the other one was sick. The babies were only three weeks old. I said a simple prayer for the sick child and left it at that. The next week the couple were still there. I asked them how the child was and found out that there had been no change. Only when the father accidentally moved the blanket did I get a good look at the baby. The eyes were staring wildly and the little face was twisted into ugly grimaces. Instantly I knew that I was dealing with a spirit of infirmity. The devil is ugly and tries to make God's perfect creation ugly. I prayed very firmly under my breath, commanding the demon to leave the child. Without touching the child in any way it responded by crying. When I had finished I asked Mary to ask the parents if they had any dealings with evil. The answer was, "yes", a witch doctor. So here was the answer why one

child was healthy and beautiful and the other one sick and ugly. Praise God, although the demon went, it took a few weeks for the physical damage to be repaired.

God also performed a mighty miracle in a child whose body was unbelievably swollen. The head looked like a balloon, on top of another balloon, the neck. The stomach of the child was incredibly swollen. The mother next week was very happy to see us, and couldn't stop praising God enough for having healed her daughter.

I get so angry when I hear religious people tell me that it is God's will for them to be sick. The God I serve does not take delight in seeing people suffer, only satan does. Somebody once mentioned to me that Joni, who is a paraplegic, was a blessing to people who had read her book. I must admit I was stumped for a moment and asked the Holy Spirit to give me wisdom. I asked the person, what would they rather be: me, healed from paralysis, or Joni still flat on her back? I also asked what was more glorifying for God, a healthy or a sick person? He couldn't answer me on both accounts.

Through our months of going to the hospital I was very proud of Mary. First she just translated the message of Jesus into Pidgin and watched as I prayed, but gradually I encouraged her, a baby Christian, to also pray. As she prayed, believing, she saw miracles and grew at a rapid rate. If we are to be true disciples of Jesus we can't just soak up a lot of information and never put it into practice.

James 2:14,17,24

14) My friends, what good is it for one of you to say that you have faith if your actions do not prove it? Can that faith save him?

17) So it is with faith: if it is alone and includes no actions, then it is dead.

24) You see, then, that it is by our actions that we are put right with God, and not by our faith alone.

God taught me that lesson, many years earlier, in Australia. It looked as if I had broken my arm, judging by the swelling and pain. I prayed for healing, but the pain still persisted. Two days later it had gotten to the stage where I couldn't even hold a knife and fork. God spoke to me and said, "Do you believe that you are healed?"

"Yes LORD."

"Then act like it."

I picked up the knife and fork and persisted in eating my meal. The longer I used the cutlery, the less the pain!

Let's go back to Papua New Guinea. God is not limited to healing the body, but also restoring the mind. I made the following entry in my diary:

I went to the Hospitality & Tourism Department this morning. One of the teachers commented that George had cheated in the exam, his mark being 100%. My response was, "No, God has performed a miracle".

For four months George had failed every test and assignment I had given him. The marks being in the range of 8, 7, 12 out of a 100. It amazed me how he had ever gotten into the course. A few weeks ago I had said to him that he needed to cry out to God to help him. For not only were his marks poor in my subject, but all the others as well. He did as I suggested.

From then on his marks jumped to the 50s and 60s in my subject and now to top it off he had managed to get 100% in another subject. God had indeed performed a mighty miracle.

Many years before a similar thing had happened in Australia. A lady rang me and asked would I tutor her son. When he had improved dramatically, I was asked to tutor the daughter as well. Melanie was in Year 9 and couldn't cope with English. The homework tasks I set were sometimes done very well, at other times the quality was very poor.

Considering how much the parents were paying me I became annoyed and told my student that she needed to work harder, or I wouldn't be teaching her anymore. At that comment the child became very distressed and cried saying that she did try very hard. I felt terrible. As I sat there God put it on my heart to ask Him to help Melanie. Amazingly for the next four weeks the child's performance was brilliant. The mother thought that I was a great teacher, but I had to set her straight on the fact that God had unravelled her daughter's mind and my teaching had nothing to do with her performance.

Alas, five weeks later Melanie's performance was worse than ever before. I was shocked, what now?? I asked God what had gone wrong. The answer was simple. I had asked on Melanie's behalf - fine, but now Melanie was to ask God herself. At the age of fifteen she was old enough to make a decision. I told her what God had said. She asked Jesus into her heart and for His help in her school work. She did well in her School Certificate, and the subsequent T.A.F.E course. Finally she ended up working for a solicitor. God's miracles are not confined to any particular place on earth, be it Australia or Papua New Guinea, on the coast at Lae, or the Highlands.

During the Easter break I was delighted to receive an invitation from a fellow colleague and friend to go with her to Chimbu for the bride-price ceremony of her sister. Kama and all the other relatives who were going had hired a 25 seater bus for the trip. The journey started at 6.30 a.m and by 7 a.m the bus was already on the outskirts of Lae.

The first stop was at 40 Mile, one and a half hours later. If the bus seemed overloaded with the thirty-five people who had piled into it earlier; now, with the added bags of betel nut and coconuts, plus other produce purchased from the roadside market; the little vehicle was bursting at the seams. Just as well Kama had asked the driver to let me have the front seat. The view was better and I could rest my legs on the dashboard, there was nowhere else to put them.

Forty minutes outside Goroka we stopped for a meal. Half an hour later the bus stopped again, this time in the middle of nowhere, between the slopes of an embankment. Half the bus immediately scrambled out. Puzzled I looked at Kama. She in return whispered, "The toilet stop." I had also gotten out of the bus and before I knew it Agnus, Kama's sister and her cousin Mai, grabbed me by the hand and pulled me up the slippery clay slope. Once on top, half a dozen men could be seen standing in a row with their backs to the people watering the countryside. With the help of my friends I avoided excrement already there and looked for a place where I could squat in the high grass.

This was a toilet with a view. As you looked at the surrounding mountains and saw the hawks circling overhead, it was easy to take your mind off the business at hand. Just as well I always carry tissues with me, but even if I hadn't, a roll of toilet paper was being handed around.

The next stop was high in the mountains - a police car blocked the road. On this, the second police search, the aim was not to look for criminals, drugs or inspect the road worthiness of the vehicle, but see if alcohol was being smuggled into the Highlands. While the police checked our bags, we had a chance to stretch our legs and admire the view. The scenery was magnificent and could best be compared to the Swiss Alps in summer. Unlike Switzerland though, where solid stone houses form little villages, here small thatched huts and the surrounding vegetable gardens, clung like leeches to the mountainside. As everybody climbed back into the bus, Kama said, "Two more kilometres and we'll be home."

When the bus finally stopped we had travelled for six and a half hours. There were only two or three thatched huts beside the road and I questioned Kama whether this was the whole village. She only laughed and waved her hand over the whole hillside. Nestled amongst the avocado trees, sugar cane stalks, tall pine trees and hibiscus bushes, were another 40 to 50 huts. In the distance, a massive mountain served as a backdrop.

Kama explained that there was a track winding over the mountain, into the next valley. The women preferred to grow their yams, taro and kaukau in that valley because they felt that the vegetables tasted sweeter. I couldn't believe Kama. How could anybody climb up and over that mountain and then dig a garden? Kama also pointed out that the women usually carry a small child on their shoulders and hang a bilum on their head, to carry the vegetables as well. I couldn't help but feel we were talking about pack-horses, not women!

People took it in turn to push and pull me up the muddy hillside. Finally halfway up the hill we entered a clearing and were welcomed by piercing war cries. About 25 to 35 natives sat on plastic mats and a railing around the clearing. Without hesitation I walked up to the nearest person shook their hand and greeted them in Pidgin. Immediately three plastic chairs were brought out; one for the oldest woman in the village, one for Kama and one for myself. I felt like royalty sitting on that chair. The old lady, 80 years plus - just sat and held my hand. I was the first white woman to have ever visited the village.

Kama's family owned the buildings around the clearing. There was the large hut, called the men's or boy's hut. The round house accommodated the women and the children. The other two huts were the kitchen and slightly behind it, the toilet. The boy's hut was divided into one large room and two smaller rooms. The large room contained a platform on which all the men slept. The idea being, that if there was a raid on the village, all the men would be in one place to fight off the attack.

The two rooms contained a single bed each. One room had been set aside for the bridegroom, the other room for me. While resting that afternoon, on a very comfortable bed, I couldn't help but wonder at the coming together of two cultures; a modern bed in a hut where the walls, ceiling and floor were made of artistically woven grass. The curtain, a piece of cotton, with a large green, white and purple floral design, not only kept the cold out - to a degree - but also provided privacy.

After an hour's rest I once again mingled with the villagers. I couldn't get over how friendly everybody was. The women and children couldn't stop hugging me and stroking my blonde hair. I returned their affection, much to their delight. As Kama was busy with the preparation of her sister's bride-price ceremony, her relatives took me on a guided tour through the village.

The first point of interest were two pigs, which had been slaughtered to provide a meal for everybody. The carcasses were thrown onto a roaring fire. After a little while they were

pulled off again and opened up to make sure that they were not sick, or full of parasites. From there on my new found friends showed me the rest of the village, which meant climbing a fair way up the hillside. Where ever we went people would come out of their huts to see the 'white meri', white woman.

During my socialising I met Pastor Lucas from the Four Square Church. In the course of conversation I shared with him the many miracles God had allowed me to see, over a period of time. When the man left later that night he asked me to speak at their church service the following Sunday morning.

When Pastor Lucas picked me up on Sunday morning I was ready and waiting, dressed in the traditional clothes Kama's mother had given me, a meri blouse and long wrap around skirt. As we neared his village and the area where the church service was to be held, Pastor Lucas apologised for the fact that the congregation would be sitting on logs, in the open air. Apparently the church had been too poor to afford a building.

Before I knew what had happened, I was telling the man that he didn't have to worry about money, for all that he needed to build a building was right in front of him and free of charge. Pastor Lucas looked surprised.

"Why do you want to build a western style church, where you will need a lot of building materials, which are expensive, when you can build a traditional P.N.G. building with the wood and grass right before your very eyes?" I asked.

"You're right," he agreed. "Besides the corrugated iron is not only very expensive, but hot."

Poor Pastor Lucas, the religious pictures were the next topic of discussion. On a raised platform, which acted as the pulpit, there was a large picture of a man supposedly representing Jesus. Gently and politely I asked how the people could be sure that Jesus looked like that. Then I pointed out that every supposed picture I had ever seen of Jesus, had been different and looked like some pretty pin-up boy. Pastor Lucas could see my point and admitted to having been prompted by the Holy Spirit to get rid of the pictures. He assured me that he would get rid of them soon. I asked him what was wrong with now! For a moment he hesitated, but then went and tore down all the religious pictures and threw them into the fire.

The singing of the natives was so enjoyable that I cannot find words to express myself. To my way of thinking dark skinned people seem to have much richer voices. Pastor Lucas' friend, Jerry, the secretary to the Chimbu governor, interpreted for me. After the service Pastor Lucas asked people if there was anybody who wanted prayer. As the pastor and I prayed for people, God touched their hearts, spirits and bodies. In one case a woman who couldn't walk, left her crutch lying on the ground. Another woman who was partially blind in both eyes, immediately received perfect sight. God is indeed a miracle worker.

After lunch which consisted of traditional food, such as kaukau, kumu (local spinach), sweet potato, rice, stewed chicken and fresh fruit, I was taken to a hut to pray for a woman who couldn't have children. As the couple sat opposite me, I shocked myself by saying, "There's nothing wrong with her, he's got the problem." The Holy Spirit had revealed to me that there was nothing wrong with the woman, but that the husband was infertile due to the illness he had suffered as a child. Jerry interpreted what I had said and the man agreed that I had spoken the truth. I went on to say that if God could make Abraham's sperm fertile in his old age, He could also bring to life this man's sperm.

Next I was taken to another village to pray for two women who had been sent home from hospital to die. One had throat cancer and the other breast cancer. Jerry and Pastor

Lucas, plus other people from their village had accompanied us. Both women were housed in the same hut. After I had greeted the women and their relatives, I requested that everybody who was not a firm believer, should leave the hut. In the end only Jerry, Pastor Lucas, the two patients and I were left. I asked the Holy Spirit to tell me how to pray and to anoint my hands with Jesus' healing power. The mighty presence of God was felt in that hut as I prayed. In each case I was given a different prayer, based upon the Bible.

God performed a mighty miracle of healing in both women, but now certain principles needed to be followed in the natural. The Bible tells us that, "To have faith is to be sure of the things we hope for, to be certain of the things we cannot see." So in my heart I believed that the women were healed, but their wasted bodies indicated otherwise. So God instructed me to say the following to the relatives and friends of the patients, who had once again entered the hut.

Time was needed for the wasted bodies to repair. First of all the smoking fire was to be put out and the cooking was to be done outside the hut. Every morning, or afternoon the women were to be carried out into the sun and fresh air. Although I only have a limited knowledge of nutrition, God gave me some amazing ideas on healthy light meals. The food items were all easily available in, or around the village. After all, when Jesus raised the little girl from the dead, the first thing he did was to tell the parents to feed her.

Pastor Lucas interpreted in Pidgin what I had said. The husband from the woman who had suffered from throat cancer then started a lively discussion. Although I could only speak a few words of Pidgin, God interpreted the conversation for me and I found myself saying, "Stop. How dare you say that your wife cannot eat because her throat has been eaten up by the cancer. God is a mighty God, who can and already has repaired the damage done to your wife's throat." Everybody stared at me in horror because they knew that I did not understand the language and only God could have told me what was going on. My words did much to destroy the man's unbelief.

After my stay in the Highlands I was invited to go for four days to Madang. Agnus had invited me to visit her mother and stepfather in the settlement. Here again God combined the supernatural with the physical in a mighty way.

Life in the settlement is different to that in the Highlands. Houses are more solid. Michael, Agnus' stepfather, had built himself a house made of wooden planks, set on steel pipes and wooden beams. Steps led up to the verandah and front door. The roof was made of corrugated iron. The outdoor shower was a novelty: the type you see in an army film, four posts and a bit of material for privacy.

Just as in the Highlands, people were very kind to me. My first opportunity to talk about Jesus came when Agnus told me about the sore her stepfather had on his leg (on and off) for the last twenty years. When Michael rolled up his trouser leg I was horrified, the wound, the size of a man's hand had eaten deep into the flesh. After sharing the message of Jesus with Michael and his wife Marie, I offered to pray for him. In my heart I knew that Michael didn't believe God could heal him.

The second day in Madang was very pleasant with sightseeing trips in and around the town. The resort areas, situated on the waterfront were especially attractive. Later that evening I found myself playing nurse to Agnus' ten year old stepbrother, Roy. The boy had a deep cut in his foot. First I cleansed the wound with salty water, then I wrapped a bandage around it. Finally I used the clean serviette I had brought home that day from one of the

resorts, to cushion the child's walk. Just as I had finished a visitor appeared at the open front door. As I was kneeling my eyes were exactly level with the huge tropical sores that had almost eaten away the woman's leg, especially the shin area. I called out to my hosts that there was somebody at the door.

The woman, a neighbour, had never set foot in the front door in twelve years, yet here she was 7.30 at night. Nobody could work out why she had come, but from the minute she sat down her leg became the focus of our attention. A year ago she had fallen and the flesh had not healed, instead the infection had spread. The day before she had come home from a two day hospital stay, but they hadn't even cleaned the wound. I was disgusted at what I saw. To simply pray for healing and leave the leg in that filthy, pussy state would have been pointless. I asked Marie for boiled water which I poured into a baby bath. Next I poured salt into the water. I then asked her to put her leg over the baby bath, with the foot resting on the edge.

The first time I poured the salty water into the wound, she screamed from pain. Nonetheless, I sat there and thoroughly cleaned the wound from all dirt, dead skin, pus and even small pieces of gravel. When I had finished, my dilemma was, how to keep the wound clean, considering I had just used the last bit of bandage on Roy's foot. "What now God?" Instantly the thoughts came to me to ask Marie to get me a new shoot from the banana tree. The shoot was still tightly rolled up, therefore sterile. I poured oil over the wound, then used half of the banana leaf as a shield, which I tied on at the knee and ankle. The banana leaf would not stick to the wound, yet it would keep it clean during the night. I suggested that the wound be exposed to the sun during the day, to dry it out.

After all that I prayed for healing. The next morning the neighbour came with her husband to tell me that for the first time in a year she had been able to sleep without pain and that she could walk much better. She not only had told her husband about how I cleaned and prayed for her leg, but the message about Jesus. When I told my two doctor friends, back in Lae, about how I had treated the leg, under God's direction, they were amazed. Neither one would have thought of using a banana leaf to keep the wound clean. God is indeed a miracle working God, who delights in helping His children, if only they would come to Him.

Even as I was standing in line, waiting at the airport, God spoke to me about Michael. God had sent the neighbour to his house as proof that he is a miracle working God and just as He had healed the woman's leg, He could do the same for Michael. When I relayed the message he smiled sheepishly, because his unbelief had been exposed.

On my return to Lae I shared the events of the Highlands and Madang with Mary, John and the T.S.C.F (Tertiary Students Christians Fellowship) group. (Two months after my arrival I was asked to be the spiritual mother of the college.) Everybody was excited to hear about the mighty move of God, for many people accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour and were baptised. I also told the people how I pointed the new Christians in the direction of a church, which I knew was teaching correct doctrine. In the case of the Highlands, I most certainly felt the presence of God's Holy Spirit in Pastor Lucas and that church. I get annoyed when I hear people talk about "revival", which is to come. I've seen the mighty hand of God working in people's lives now, for the last twenty years. Revival has always been with us. It's just a matter whether God the Holy Spirit is moving in the life of the person who is preaching the Word.

Besides teaching Technical Communications during the day, I taught the T.S.C.F group (and a constant stream of visitors), about prayer every Wednesday night. On Sunday night, Jesus would help me give a Bible message relevant to their life, e.g relationships,

cutting the cords with the past, Heavy Metal music and its influence etc. Because many turned to Jesus, Thursday night became the night to teach baby Christians the basics. Tuesday nights I led the prayer group. During one of these meetings, God showed me a vision.

Diary entry 25th April, 1996:

The seven of us had an absolutely wonderful prayer meeting. God put it on my heart to pray for the college first. Then Victor (President of the T.S.C.F group) prayed for the student's forum. Instead of me continuing to pray for other matters, God caused me to pray for the six people at the prayer meeting. As I started to pray, this is what I saw:

A vessel, or container, that had a rather fat belly, but narrowed to a neck. The top of the neck curved slightly outwards. The handle, curved up and over the curved part of the neck, being attached to both sides. As I saw the vessel the words from Jeremiah 15:20 came to me.

"I will make you like a solid bronze wall as far as they are concerned. They will fight against you, but they will not defeat you. I will be with you to protect you and keep you safe."

Obviously the vessel was made out of bronze. A hand was polishing a part of the belly section and it was shining. The rest of the vessel was dull and oxidised.

Then I saw glowing coals being put into the vessel. The meaning being that God would purify us like pure gold from the inside. Then the verse from Revelation 5:8 came to me:

"...Each had a harp and gold bowls filled with incense, which are the prayers of God's people."

As we were in the middle of a prayer meeting that Bible verse indicated to me that our prayers were being heard. What's more, they were like sweet incense to God. Ephesians 5:10 says:
Try to learn what pleases the Lord."

God had spoken through my daughter Sonja, in 1985 (when she was 18) through a Word of Knowledge, that it pleased Him when we pray for others.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Mark my words a time shall come to pass like no other time has been before. People will search for Me, but will not find Me, as I have waited for them so long to turn to Me, but they were too busy living their own selfish lives. I love my people who serve and obey Me. Peace be with my people. Remember to read my Word daily and pray to Me for I shall answer you, as a father would answer his son. I want to be your friend, not your enemy.

Those who sincerely seek Me will find Me. The Holy Spirit is only too willing to help his people in need, or just to comfort them. I know the desires of your hearts, the good ones and the bad.

It pleases Me when you pray and cry out for each other. Seek Me, I want to save everyone, not just some of the people I have created. Look to Me when you have a problem, not to others or horoscopes. They tell lies. I am one of truth. Follow Me and

*I will give you rest. **So many search, but never find Me because there is no-one praying for them to be saved.** It is only through Me life is gained and truth is found. **Remember this my people, pray for others.***

Although the above had happened in 1985, now twelve years later in P.N.G, God was once again letting me, and the others know how much it pleased Him when we pray for others. In fact our prayers were incense to Him; a sweet smelling aroma.

I believe it was the continued prayer efforts that brought about a breakthrough in the spiritual. New people came on a regular basis on the Wednesday and Sunday night meetings. The Holy Spirit touched hearts as they sat in their seats. I suppose I can relate this experience to something God showed me while I was walking through the village at Chimbu. Each hut had a beautiful garden around it and the children and adults who were accompanying me had picked a bunch of flowers. There was a dahlia which had been beautiful, but a worm had half eaten it, thus making it ugly. So it was with the people who came to the meetings, God had created them beautiful, but the devil and every-day living had nibbled at God's perfect creation. To me all dark skinned people are beautiful, but after the Holy Spirit had touched their hearts, they seemed even more beautiful.

I thank God for helping me with the sermons on Sunday night. There was a particular move of the Holy Spirit after the topic of Heavy Metal music.

Diary entry 30th April:

Praise God for His mighty working power. Today, after class, six students came after 3 o'clock and wanted to know why they shouldn't be involved in Heavy Metal music. As Heavy Metal music is of the devil (and I explained to them why) they needed to make a choice between Jesus Christ and the devil. At 4.30 p.m. a student asked to speak to me privately. She wanted to ask Jesus into her heart.

At 5.45 p.m Donna and Michelle came back and I had the privilege to lead them to Jesus Christ. Even as I was leading those two through prayer George arrived and also wanted to ask Jesus into his heart. Praise you precious Father, praise you Lord Jesus, praise you Holy Spirit.

Diary entry 2nd May:

People started to arrive for the baby Christian class just after 3 o'clock when the Technical Communications classes finished. I finally finished at 5 p.m. Eight students in all had attended. The discussion had been on, Cutting the Cords. Two people needed the cords of martial arts cut. The rest are coming at appointed times to be prayed for.

I thank my God that I have the privilege of working for Him.

The baby Christians were growing at such a rapid rate that by the 1st of June during a baptism in the river, I felt God telling me to give Hacca the opportunity to baptise. The idea being to have her become a disciple of Jesus Christ. For we only become disciples if we follow Jesus' commandments and actually put our faith into action.

Diary entry 18th June:

The entry for June 18th is bitter sweet. It indicates the closing chapter of my stay in P.N.G as well as showing evidence of God's mighty works.

Today I had a farewell afternoon tea for some of my friends. Anastasia came with the children and it was a real blessing to see Marcus walking, by holding on to the furniture.

About four or five weeks ago I had prayed for Grace. She was suffering greatly from arthritis all down the left side of her body. At times the pain was so great that she couldn't even hold a pen. Praise God for healing her, for she has had no more pain.

The above entry reminds me of an incident at the Principal's house. My Muslim friends had been nursing me at their home, when I was sick with malaria. After criminals broke in I couldn't bear to stay there any longer and accepted the Principal's offer to stay at his home, till I was better. On the second night, I asked him how work had been. He complained about the pain in his hands, due to arthritis.

Later that night, as I was too sick to sleep, God put it on my heart to pray for the Principal. I was to ask God to fill the man's hands with His healing power and rebuke the arthritis, commanding it to leave. The next evening I again asked the Principal how his day had been, especially where his hands were concerned. The answer was, "good" to both issues. I told him that I had prayed about his hands and God had healed them. To that statement he just laughed, being a total unbeliever. The response made me angry and although I was a guest in his house I shocked myself and him, with my prayer before eating. (Of course I had asked if I could say a prayer for my food.) As he patiently waited to start eating I prayed the following:

"Oh Lord my God I thank you from the bottom of my heart for healing Richard's hands, even if he doesn't appreciate it, or believes in you."

Maybe my illness had made me unusually bold, I don't know, but I just had the urge to thank God. As the man sat stunned (with the food he had cooked, almost becoming cold), I told him about some of the mighty miracles God had performed. Four weeks later I asked him how his hands were. He replied, "Your magic is still working." To that I replied, "God is a miracle working God isn't He?" He just smiled.

At the end of May I gave four weeks notice to my employers. The constant attacks on my life, plus the near fatal bout of malaria was just too much. I know God sent me to that country and I loved being there. The students, all adults, some even in their late forties and fifties were a pleasure to teach. I made a lot of friends, both amongst the nationals and the expatriates. Some found the weather too hot, but working in an air-conditioned environment was pleasant and the swims after work were very enjoyable. I would have loved to have stayed ten years; most certainly I would have fulfilled my three year contract, as it was I stayed only five and a half months. In that time I saw more miracles than some people see in five and a half years or maybe all their life!

Chapter 5

FORGIVE OR I CANNOT FORGIVE YOU

The lesson of forgiveness is the greatest one God has ever taught me. In my heart I said, "I can never forgive her." Upon which God said, "If you cannot forgive her, I cannot forgive you."

Matthew 6:14&15

14) "If you forgive others the wrongs they have done to you, your Father in heaven will also forgive you.

15) But if you do not forgive others, then your Father will not forgive the wrongs you have done.

This incident came about after my best friend had just abducted my oldest daughter, with the help of her doctor friend in 1978. The doctor had made advances towards me, which I rejected. My friend on the other hand had been infatuated with him. Unfortunately for her, he wasn't interested. So, in order for him to get back at me for rejecting him, he decided to tickle her ego and make her feel wanted by abducting my daughter.

What a shock to pick up the phone and hear a man's voice at the other end saying, "You'll never see your daughter again." Next your best friend gets on the phone saying the same thing. (Although the police were called in, it was nearly three weeks before I saw my daughter again.)

The next day a friend visited and I told her about the situation.

Her response was, "You must forgive her."

Why do people always tell you what you don't want to hear? Absolutely furious, I told my friend that I could never forgive the person who had abducted my daughter. God immediately spoke to me and said:

"If you cannot forgive her, I cannot forgive you."

Against my better judgment I rang her and said, "I forgive you" then I slammed the phone down.

The next few weeks were very stressful. If I saw my ex-best friend in the distance, I would run into the opposite direction. If I saw her on the street, I ignored her. Inwardly I felt like strangling her.

Finally she rang and asked if she could visit me and bring her minister. I decided to invite my minister as well. The minute I had opened the door she wanted to hug me. I took three very quick steps backwards and thought to myself, "So that's what Judas looked like!"

The minute they had seated themselves, I tore strips off her. After letting all the hurt, anger and bitterness out, I looked at the quivering, snivelling heap and I felt sorry for her, and apologised. As I did so, all the hatred, anger, bitterness and animosity disappeared.

My minister commented on the fact that he now realised people need to speak out their hurts. My friend and I became best friends again and it was as if the incident had never happened. Only God can bring about true forgiveness.

Often when I pray with people, God will cause me to bring up the subject of unforgiveness in their life. Unforgiveness is a blockage to deliverance and healing. A perfect example was my friend Joy. The joy had gone out of her life and when she walked into my place one day, (I hadn't seen her for about ten years), she looked more like a corpse than a human being. Her body was riddled with bacteria. Her intestines contained fungi which caused her stomach to swell. Besides that she had problems going to the toilet. In one week she would spend between \$30 and \$50 on medication, or health products - all to no avail. God showed me what was wrong with her.

"She holds a grudge against God. She also feels the world owes her something. The worms of bitterness, jealousy and unforgiveness are eating her up."

After inviting Jesus into her heart and prayer, her health improved tremendously. The change was visible almost immediately. Praise God she was able to throw away her medication and health products. The Word of God is so true:

Isaiah 55:1

The LORD says, "Come, everyone who is thirsty - here is water! Come, you that have no money - buy grain and eat! Come! Buy wine and milk - it will cost you nothing!"

Prayer is free and so is the love of God and His blessings of healing, peace and joy.

If you hold unforgiveness in your heart, you really need to ask yourself if it's worth the hassle. After all, the person who you are bitter against doesn't even know about it. Yet like cancer, unforgiveness will eat you up. There are times when it is not humanly possible to forgive somebody. In that case I suggest that the person having the unforgiveness problem asks Jesus to help them forgive. At the same time asking Jesus to wash away, with His precious blood all hurt, bitterness and unforgiveness.

Joanne, a friend of mine, came close to dying because of unforgiveness. Being ethnic, Joanne and her husband lived with his parents. The family and cultural ties were so strong that Sam just wouldn't leave his parent's house, even though his wife had begged him for nine years. The cramped living conditions made life very difficult, but her pleas to move out fell on deaf ears. Three years earlier Joanne, Sam and his mother Margaret had become Christians. Life changed a little, for the better, but not much.

In September 1996, I went to visit my friends. To my surprise Joanne acted strangely, almost as if she was drugged. The minute I sat on the lounge, she positioned herself next to me, grabbed my hand and begged me to pray for her. Briefly her family explained her strange behaviour.

Two weeks before, Joanne had gone forward for prayer in her church. The minister asked if she wanted the gift of tongues. She said yes. He then told her that he had been given a tongue for her by God and she was to repeat the words after him. **(I strongly disagree with the practice of a person repeating some body else's tongue, for God the Holy Spirit is the giver of the gift not some human being.)** Joanne repeated what the man had told her to say. Immediately she felt an icy coldness through her body and severe pain shot down her backbone. From that moment, she began to act strangely; obsessively reading the Bible all during the day and at odd times during the night; cursing her family and screaming uncontrollably.

I started to pray for her, but immediately she started to pray in tongues. When I told her to stop, she looked at me with glazed eyes and said, "Who are you?" (We had been good friends for four years.)

I decided to take her to my daughter's place for prayer back-up. Once we got there the situation worsened. Even though she had been filled with God's Holy Spirit for three years, she was insulting God, screaming uncontrollably; said I had been created to serve her and that the devil had written the Bible for her benefit. The screaming reminded me of the incident of the demon possessed man from Gerasa (Mark 5:5).

My daughter and I agreed that prayer back up was necessary, so she rang an elder from the C.O.C. church she was attending. He declined to come. Then she rang the assistant pastor, who also declined, but suggested that Joanne should make an appointment at some time in the future. Above all else though she wanted to know if my friend was a Christian and a member of a denomination.

Finally by 8 o'clock between Sonja and myself, we had managed to get a few people together. The behaviour of two of the people was so disrespectful to God, that I asked them to leave. By 11 p.m that night the rest of us decided that we couldn't go any further, so a decision was made to meet at Joanne and Sam's place the following night at 7 p.m. and spend the day praying and fasting. I went home with my friends that night, in case problems arose. They did!! By 4 a.m Joanne lapsed into unconsciousness.

Sadly the next night none of the people who had come the previous night turned up. The two women from the C.O.C. church had phoned earlier that day, stating that they could not go against the headship of their pastor and needed his permission to come. In the end it was left to my daughter and myself to pray. By this stage Joanne had been lying unconscious on the floor for fifteen hours. My faith was sorely tested as I felt her pulse, which was very faint. The choice was to call an ambulance and have her taken to hospital, where she would have been locked up in a psychiatric ward for the rest of her life, or cast the demons out!

When I commanded the demons to name themselves in Jesus' name, they did not respond. We prayed with all our might for three hours, but nothing happened. As we sat back exhausted on the lounge, Margaret suggested that we should put on a Christian praise tape. When a song came on that said, "hand it over", we knew that God wanted us to hand Joanne, and the battle, over to Him. So we sat back and relaxed. After a few minutes I jumped up, and pointing my finger at Joanne I said, "You haven't forgiven Margaret." Instantly there was a reaction in her rigid body and she opened her eyes. There was even more reaction when I said, "You hate your husband, sister-in-law and father-in-law. You hate all of them and won't forgive them." I then pointed my finger at her again and said, "You must forgive them." Instantly the answer came, "No I won't".

At one stage she asked for a drink. We complied with her request and gave her a glass with water. The minute she had the glass in her mouth God warned me that the devil was going to kill Joanne by getting her to bite off a piece of glass and swallow it. Praise God the glass didn't break, but it took three of us to get it out of her mouth.

I decided to call Sam into the room. He had preferred to stay outside, because of his lack of faith. I wanted Joanne to be confronted with another object of her hatred. Finally one and half hours later I told Joanne point blank that I was exhausted and if she didn't make an effort, telling those demons of hatred, bitterness, anger and unforgiveness to go, I would just call an ambulance and have her taken away. Sam also told her to do her bit. Yes, there are demonic forces, but there is also the flesh and a free will.

At last she repeated the words after Sam, telling the demons to go. As she had lain in her urine for twenty hours she needed a wash. It took three of us to get her into the bath. Margaret in the meantime prepared food for her. Finally my daughter and I left for home, by 11.30 p.m. that night. The patient was much better than she had been when we had arrived, but I knew that the job had not been completed and I needed to come back the next day.

The next morning, while I was having a shower, God told me that the whole family was to gather around Joanne and ask forgiveness for the way they had treated her. For it was they who had brought on the hatred and unforgiveness - which had turned from the fleshly, to the demonic, by nine years of mistreatment.

I told the family what God had shown me and as Joanne and I sat on the lounge, each family member, starting with the husband, came forward, fell on their knees and asked for forgiveness. As the family sincerely asked for forgiveness, Joanne sincerely forgave them. At last the power of the devil had been completely broken. Then the issue of what had happened at the church and the satanic tongues had to be dealt with.

I took Joanne through a prayer where she asked God to forgive her for the blasphemy that had come out of her mouth - even though she had been under demonic influence. The power of what had happened at church was broken, especially the satanic tongue issue. The family has since found another Holy Spirit filled church where they are happy.

Praise God for the mighty work He did in Joanne, for she was totally delivered. Now eight months later she is still very happy and healthy. The whole family has been reunited and Sam's marriage is the best it has ever been.

Unforgiveness lets the devil into your life, forgiveness drives him out.

Ephesians 4:25,26.

26) If you become angry, do not let your anger lead you into sin, and do not stay angry all day.

27) Don't give the Devil a chance.

God had to teach me to let go of unforgiveness, for my own sake. I can only encourage anybody in the same situation to do the same.

When all else fails, bear in mind that Jesus said, as He hung on the cross, for six hours, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." If a pin prick hurts, think how much pain Jesus had to endure being nailed to the cross. The shame of hanging there naked would have been unimaginable for Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

FORGIVE!!

Chapter 6

Jesus still heals today

When Jesus walked the earth He healed the cripple, the blind, the epileptic, the deaf and the dumb. No disease or sickness was too big or small for Jesus. The apostles followed in their Master's footsteps, and by the power of the Holy Spirit and the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, many were healed and delivered from sickness and disease. Over many years, due to unbelief by God's people, miraculous healings dwindled to the point, where they were no longer seen as being applicable for today. Yet Hebrew 13:8 states:
"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and for ever."

People who are only religious and do not know Jesus personally feel that it is God's will for them to be sick. Yes, in some cases God allows sickness in a person in order to draw them to Himself. Many people only ever turn to Him when in need. Sadly to say that was the case with me. The Bible also shows that God punished people through sickness.

2 Chronicles 26:16

"But when King Uzziah became strong, he grew arrogant, and that led to his downfall. He defied the Lord his God by going into the Temple to burn incense on the altar of incense."

2 Kings 15:5

The LORD struck Uzziah with a dreaded skin disease that stayed with him the rest of his life.

The best thing to do is to ask God if you have done anything wrong, especially where unforgiveness is concerned and ask Him to forgive you.

Many people never get healed because they haven't bothered to ask God why they are sick. Are you sick because there is a normal breakdown in the body function; is God dealing with you; or is the illness due to demonic spirits?

Luke 8:1 Some time later Jesus travelled through towns and villages, preaching the Good News about the Kingdom of God. The twelve disciples went with him, 2) and so did some women who had been healed of evil spirits and diseases: ...

Luke 13:10 One Sabbath Jesus was teaching in a synagogue.

11) A woman there had an evil spirit that had made her sick for eighteen years; she was bent over and could not straighten up at all.

12) When Jesus saw her, he called out to her, "Woman, you are free from your sickness!"

13) He placed his hands on her and at once she straightened herself up and praised God.

The religious leaders objected to Jesus setting this woman free on the Sabbath, but the Lord Jesus Christ replied:

16) Now here is this descendant of Abraham whom Satan has kept bound up for eighteen years; should she not be released on the Sabbath?"

There are also incidents in the Bible that show children being ill due to demonic forces.

Matthew 15:22 A Canaanite woman who lived in that region came to him. "Son of David!" she cried out. "Have mercy on me, sir! My daughter has a demon and is in a terrible condition."

28) So Jesus answered her, "You are a woman of great faith! What you want will be done for you." And at that very moment her daughter was healed.

Mark 9:20 They brought him to Jesus. As soon as the spirit saw Jesus, it threw the boy into a fit, so that he fell on the ground and rolled around, foaming at the mouth.

21) "How long has he been like this?" Jesus asked the father. "Ever since he was a child," he replied.

Jesus healed the boy and told the father, "Everything is possible for the person who has faith." If we expect God to do something for us, we really need to believe that He is capable of doing what He promises.

Over many years I have been healed and have seen many others healed. If I am sick I claim Isaiah 53:5 praying, Oh LORD my God, Isaiah 53:5 says 'We are healed by the punishment *Jesus* suffered, made whole by the blows he received.' I ask you now for the healing or wholeness of (whatever). I also command the pain to go in Jesus' name. I also command any symptoms of the illness to go. Then I thank God for healing me according to His Word.

Healed from sclerosis of the liver

Lorraine had been given a death sentence by the doctors. So serious was her condition that she was medically retired by the Education Department. The situation looked grim, especially as she was the mother of a young child. Nothing to say of the agony her husband would suffer at the loss of his wife. After prayer God miraculously healed her. All praise and honour belong to Jesus Christ for His mighty miracle working power.

June and bowel cancer

The knock on the back door wasn't exactly welcome, for I was in the middle of getting ready for work, and running late at that. Nonetheless, I answered the door to find my landlord standing there, with tears in his eyes.

"June is in hospital. She is dying."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She hasn't been able to go to the toilet for twenty days. The doctors say she has bowel cancer."

I told the man that I would visit his wife that evening and closed the door. As I walked towards the lounge room, God said, "Rebuke the spirit of death over her."

"Wow". I thought. So June is dying. I prayed as God had instructed and hurriedly left for work.

That night I waved a bunch of flowers at June. Always as subtle as a sledgehammer, June told me she didn't want the flowers, but my prayers. I promised to pray for her on the night before the operation. In the meantime I sought God's help on how to pray. The following was the result:

Rebuke the spirits of the whip satan is sending out to break the bond that Jesus has on her. Ask that God pour a burning mixture on that whip and burn it, so that Jesus has total free reign in her. Ask that God put His pace maker into her to control her heart, all her organs and that all her bodily functions be co-ordinated fully. Pray that God would give her the strength and will to fight through this. Ask God to make her body - that part of the infection and decay - strong and untouchable by further hurt from satan. Ask that God cover her with His shield, His feathers, like a mother hen and that Jesus allow His blood to flow from Him to her, so that satan cannot have her.

Before the operation I once again visited June. I impressed upon her that I could do nothing for her, nor were my prayers of any use if she didn't call upon the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Great Physician. I took her through a simple prayer and she asked Jesus into her heart. She also asked for forgiveness for her sins and the healing of her body.

The following morning when the doctors operated, they found only one large tumour, instead of the cancer, as shown by the X-rays. The doctors could offer no explanation for what had happened. The next step was to clean out the intestines. Once again I promised to pray for June before the operation.

If Jesus' followers, 2000 years ago were commanded to ask for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, how much more should that command apply to us now. For that reason I took June through a prayer asking to be filled with God's Holy Spirit. The next day the operation ran smoothly and a bag was placed on the outside of her abdomen to drain the intestines. Miraculously within two weeks the bag was removed and June, strong as an ox, was back digging in the garden.

After several weeks I was surprised to find the whole family lined up on the driveway, waiting for me to come home. "Mrs. Mrs.", the landlord cried, "June is in hospital again." Apparently she had collapsed, because her bowels hadn't been functioning properly. I was unable to go to the hospital that afternoon, but promised to pray anyway. Two days later I finally had a chance to visit her.

"How are you June?"

"Great, great!" came the reply.

"Can you go to the toilet yet?"

"Oh yes!"

"When did you start?"

"Two days ago, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon."

This had been the exact time I had prayed for her. My simple prayer being, "Oh Lord my God please let June's bowels function as perfectly as on the day when you created her." Praise God, June was totally healed and never suffered from bowel problems again.

Healed from a terrible skin condition

Have you ever seen someone whipped? The skin rash I was suffering from looked like I had been whipped. The swellings were extremely itchy and burnt as if a blow-torch was being held at my skin. Needless to say I sought the Lord Jesus on the matter.

Prayer 1/ Bind the spirits causing the swelling and inflammation in Jesus' name. Cover the rash with the blood of Jesus and say to satan that the rash is cleansed and healed by the blood of Jesus. Ask God to pour out Jesus' precious blood over you. In Jesus' name and the authority of His holy and precious blood the rash shall then be healed.

The rash still persisted.

Prayer 2/ Keep on praying as I told you to and rebuke those spirits. Stand before God and ask Him to pour His blood and healing power over you. Ask God to cover every blemish, every bit of the rash and throw them into the deepest part of the ocean and you shall be healed. I will give you passages from the Bible you are to sit down and read them to the rash - satan. After you finish reading each passage claim your healing by the power and authority He has invested in us, in order to cast out demons.

There was a tremendous improvement, but not all of the rash went.

Prayer 3/ Your rash is gone! Ask Me to open your eyes to this. The longer you think you've got a rash the longer it will stay. You must wipe the memory of that rash from your mind. Ask Me to forget you ever had it, because the longer you let it annoy you, the longer it will stay.

After this prayer the rash disappeared very quickly, until it was totally gone. I learnt a few lessons from this experience.

- (1) Be persistent, don't ever give up!!
- (2) The importance of trusting God's Word. His Word says that we have the victory in Jesus' name so just accept it!
- (3) The constant emphasis on the mighty power of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.
- (4) Knowing the Word of God and applying it to the situation.

Hebrews 9:14 ... how much more is accomplished by the blood of Christ! Through the eternal Spirit he offered himself as a perfect sacrifice to God. His blood will purify our consciences from useless rituals, so that we may serve the living God.

Revelation 7:14 ... "These are the people who have come safely through the terrible persecution. They have washed their robes and made them white with the blood of the Lamb.

Revelation 12:11 They won the victory over him (*satan*), by the blood of the Lamb and by the truth which they proclaimed; ...

By the precious blood of Jesus the rash was defeated. Also since the blood of Jesus washes our conscience and robes white; how much more can it wash us clean from sickness and disease. Jesus most certainly washed my body clean from that terrible rash.

The above Bible verses, plus Colossians 1:20 & 2:15 and Hebrews 2:14 were Bible verses God gave me in relation to Prayer 2.

Healed from haemophilia

As the grandfather and mother of my student sat opposite me during the parent interview, I informed them that the child's progress was not satisfactory. Their response shocked me. "Don't you know he suffers from haemophilia? That is why he is absent from school so much."

I could have slid under the table with embarrassment.

On one of the rare occasions, when he was in class, I decided to pray for him. As I stood near him I prayed this simple prayer, in my mind.

Oh LORD, my God, please drain all the imperfect blood out of him, and fill him with new blood containing blood clotting cells. Lord Jesus let your blood flow through that boy's body. Then I claimed the boy's total healing and wholeness, according to Isaiah 53:5.

I finally realised that the child hadn't missed classes for some time. I asked him how he felt. The boy told me that neither he, nor his family could understand why he hadn't needed a blood transfusion for four weeks. Usually, at least one transfusion a week would have been necessary. Also due to constant injections in the left arm, the muscles had wasted away. He was totally amazed that I had prayed for his healing and that God in fact had worked a miracle. Praise God, when Jesus healed the blood condition, he also restored the muscles in the left arm.

Guy's skin rash

Guy had been suffering for some time from a skin rash. No amount of medication had helped the situation, until God told me how to pray for him.

Ask that Jesus remove the dead layer of skin and take with it the infection. Ask that Jesus would give him a new, more resistant layer of skin. Pray that Guy may reach out and touch Jesus' cloak and be healed. Pray that the blood of Jesus cover every sore of that man. Tell satan that Lazarus had many sores and persecutions, but he still went to heaven, as will Guy.

Praise God, Guy's skin rash disappeared.

Francisco's skin rash

God is truly wonderful, for the work done on this young man's face. Francisco, a year 11 student, came to Bible study one lunchtime. His face horrified and disgusted me. Except for his eyes, his neck and face were covered with big pussy pimples. He looked truly revolting. During Bible study I couldn't help but ask if he wanted prayer. Without hesitation he answered, "Yes".

Besides praying for the boy then and there, I asked God for a word of knowledge. (1Corinthians 12:8 For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit).

Rebuke the pins that satan has embedded in Francisco's face, through which all the poison is entering. Command that the pins be removed and that the antiseptic of the Lord Jesus Christ fill the gaps. Ask that God siphon all the blood vessels under the skin which have been poisoned. Ask that God remove the impure blood from the cells and replace it with the perfect blood of Jesus Christ. Ask that God wrap Himself around the skin and protect it from all the environment and satanic elements.

The surest way to know that you have prayed correctly is by the results. Within days there was a tremendous improvement in the boy's skin. Three weeks later there wasn't a pimple left on his face, nor were there acne scars. **Praise God!**

My foot

If I sat, or stood in one position for a while, it became very painful to move my foot again. (Ezekiel 6:3) Ezekiel spoke to the mountains, the hills, the gorges, and the valleys. He also spoke to the "very dry bones" in the "valley of the bones" (Ezekiel 37:1-14). He commanded the bones to be covered with sinews, muscles and skin, finally commanding the wind to breathe life into them. God gave me a similar prayer for my foot.

Take hold of your left foot and say in Jesus' name, I take all the blood vessels, tissues, ligaments, bones; everything that makes up that foot and tell them to release that pain in Jesus' name. Tell them that you pour out the blood of Christ on that foot and that pain and they can't disobey, because they are dwelling within the temple of God.

How wonderful to read in God's Word, 2 Corinthians 6:16

... For we are the temple of the living God!

Likewise God showed me a powerful truth in this Bible verse, Psalms 148:5&6 (Good News version):

- 5) ... He commanded, and they were created;
- 6) by his command they were fixed in their places forever, and they **cannot disobey**.

My blood, bones, tissues etc., are created, therefore they cannot disobey a command in Jesus' name. As expected, my foot responded to the Word of God and has never given me any trouble again. Also bear in mind that the devil and his demons are created beings and likewise cannot disobey a command given in Jesus' name.

Erika's Headaches

Erika used to suffer terribly from headaches - not anymore, praise God. The following word of knowledge helped me pray correctly for her.

Rebuke the clamp on her head and ask God to unscrew that tension. Also ask God that He would put a protective cap on her head to stop her from getting further tension headaches. Also that Jesus would fill her with His peace.

Marisha - Mental disorder for 12 years

For twelve years Marisha had been in and out of mental institutions. The situation put tremendous strain on her husband and children. God gave me the following prayer for her.

Rebuke the spirits of depression, suicide and unwillingness to go on in life. Ask God to fill her with the need to live. Ask God to allow her to see the little she has done in her life and therefore make her realise she's lived too little of life. She's only got one short life and she shouldn't lose it. Rebuke that which has a hold on her mind showing her the uselessness of life. Name the number of the demons.

Within three weeks Marisha was out of hospital and totally restored.

Stating the number of demons

God showed me the following. Sometimes you have to state the number of demons, in case you are not forceful enough during prayer. Saying the number gives you more authority when you command the demons to go, because it's like you're staring them in the face, commanding them to go. An example is where a person is being prayed for in regards to martial arts. Demons are always in a group which means the lead demon is martial arts followed by anger, hatred, violence and murder. Therefore the number of demons is 5.

Anthony - Diseased Glands

Anthony, a friend of my daughter's, came to our home when he was 17. After a while he accepted Jesus into his heart and was baptised.

One day he came to me and asked if I could pray for his throat. Since he was a little child he had suffered from swollen glands. At times they would swell so much that he would have to be hospitalised and put on a drip. At times his condition became so bad that he couldn't swallow his saliva. There was the constant fear that he would one day choke to death. As I was about to pray, God said to me:
"Why don't you just ask me to cut out the old diseased glands and give him a set of new ones?"

Praise God! How easy!! Anthony, for many years now has been totally healed and delivered from that condition.

My crippled right leg

The abdominal operation had been simple enough. Complications set in when the doctor accidentally cut the nerve to my right leg. I woke up from the operation and had no feeling in my leg, from the knee down.

For more than a year I had to wear special shoes with a brace attached to help me walk. Gradually the muscles wasted away and died. The leg shrunk to 25 cm in circumference. On a daily basis I prayed to God to heal my leg, finally after one year feeling returned and the muscles started to develop again. Today my right leg is as normal as my left leg. Only near the ankle is a small patch that has a feeling of pins and needles. God told me this would be a reminder to me, of how he had brought my leg back to life,

Jesus healed the cripple two thousand years ago; things haven't changed only people's faith!

Warts

His hands were always hidden in his pockets. As he held the pen I realised why; they were covered in warts. Warts grew upon warts, they looked like little mountains. "Brad, come and see me at lunchtime and I'll tell you how to get rid of those warts." When he came, I offered to pray for him. His face said it all; utter disbelief! I can't remember what little prayer I had said, but God had heard it, because three weeks later he came and showed me his hands - not one wart was left. At first I thought he was joking and maybe he had undergone a skin graft. However, he assured me that a few days after I prayed for him the warts turned black and fell off.

The same situation arose while teaching at another school. This time the student even had a large wart growing on his eyelid; there were others on his arms and legs as well. He was in a worse condition than the child at the previous school. Once again I told the child that Jesus could heal him from the warts. I prayed a simple prayer, commanding the warts to die from the roots up. When Jesus commanded the fig tree to die "all the way down to its roots". I used the same principle on the warts.

Sonja's broken arm

Praise God He is faithful and continues to work miracles in people. We had gone to a barbecue organised by my grandson's football team. Together with other parents my daughter and I took it in turn to supervise the children. Sonja went downstream and I went upstream. Twenty minutes later there were cries for help, not from the children, but Sonja.

By the time I arrived people could be heard saying, "Oh no, she's broken her arm." Somebody made a sling for the arm, for it and the fingers had become badly swollen.

As I left the bottom of Macquarie Pass, Sonja tried not to cry and begged me to pray against the excruciating pain, as well as praying for God to heal the broken bones. Although the bones did not actually come through the flesh, they were sticking out, as she had fallen with all her weight on the point of the elbow.

I prayed as asked. After ten minutes of driving my daughter told me that her shoulder, arm and hand had gone numb and that she felt no more pain.

When we arrived at the hospital they laid her on a trolley. The doctor examined the arm and Sonja heard him whisper to the nurse that he might have to operate.

Needless to say while we had been waiting for the doctor to come and then for the X-ray to be taken, I prayed earnestly. The X-ray showed no fracture, chipped or broken bones. Also miraculously the bones had gone back into place and the swelling went down. The doctor upon examining the X-ray, having seen the arm, could not believe his eyes. He prescribed a strong pain killer, but as God had already given Sonja a sedative she didn't need to take even one tablet. Although there was no pain while the arm was held still, the amount of pain or discomfort, when the arm was moved did not warrant pain killers. Massive bruising came out on both the elbow and hand later on.

Later that evening some of the parents rang to see how things were. They could not believe that there were no broken bones, but as I pointed out there had been broken bones - only God had mended them.

Kim's paralyzed arm

In late September 1996, while visiting my daughter I met her friend Kim. Due to an accident her arm had become paralysed. After four weeks of everybody praying for her nothing had changed. Once back in Sydney, while pottering around the flat, God spoke to me and told me to pray for Kim's arm. This was about 11 on a Thursday morning.

The next week while visiting my daughter's place I happened to answer the phone; it was Kim. To my surprise when I asked how her arm was, she said it was perfectly normal again. Apparently the previous Thursday she had been to the doctor in order to start electric shock treatment. Just as a matter of course the doctor had asked if she could move her arm even slightly. Incredibly, much to the doctor's and Kim's amazement, she lifted the arm above her head. This had happened at the same time I had prayed.

My prayer had been that the dead arm would come to life again. I also prayed according to Ezekiel 37:4-8, where Ezekiel speaks to the bones, sinews and muscles.

Kristy's eyes

My granddaughter Kristy had been born with an inturned eye. At the age of four she was operated on and the muscle was tightened. Her eyesight was so poor that the glasses she had to wear were the thickness of a Coca Cola bottle. Over the years my daughter and I had prayed to God to heal the eye that wasn't functioning properly, as well as giving Kristy better vision.

A few months before her tenth birthday she complained that the glasses she was wearing were causing her vision to become blurry. Besides that she was complaining about headaches. We all thought this was an excuse not to wear glasses any more, as other children were teasing her. To top it all off, the bad eye started to turn in, even if only for a moment. So my daughter decided to book Kristy in to the therapist.

Careful examination by the therapist showed that there was nothing wrong with the eye. Even more amazing, when the eye sight was tested, it was found that the vision had

improved to such an extent that Kristy no longer needed to wear glasses. The therapist's verdict was backed up by the eye specialist.

God had allowed the eye to turn inward, to force my daughter to take Kristy to have her eyes checked, for the glasses she had been wearing were not suitable anymore and were doing more harm than good. Persistence had paid off, even if it had taken almost ten years. Praise God Kristy can see perfectly and does not need to wear glasses anymore.

Healed from AIDS

A homosexual man, classified as AIDS positive, was introduced to me. I knew that the man was homosexual, but I didn't know that he had a death sentence hanging over him. As a matter of course I shared the mighty miracles of Jesus with him. Later that night I prayed that God would give him a second chance at life.

The following week when I spoke to him, he told me an amazing story. The same night that I had prayed, he had also prayed for the first time, since childhood. He had asked God to give him a second chance at life. As he did so God spoke to him and said, "Marlies has already prayed for you." A few days later he decided to have more tests done; they proved to be negative. I mentioned the fact that God had been wonderful to give him a second chance at life. He looked amazed and asked how I had known that he had asked God for a second chance at life. I hadn't!

About two weeks later, God spoke to me about this man. I was to ask him to give God the first chance to come into his life, considering he had been given two chances. The news was listened to, but not acted upon. Apparently the fear of man, and what other people would think of him, if he became a Christian, was stronger than the gratitude for having received a second chance at life.

AND YET THEY DIE

From the few examples it is easy to see that no sickness is too big or too small for Jesus and yet people die. The following two cases give an indication why some people are not healed.

Cancer

My girlfriend's husband was dying from cancer. God gave me the following prayer for him.

Ask that the molten blob be removed from his blood stream and that God strain Evan's blood through His sieve. Ask that he'd be filled with the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ and that Jesus would give him the will to fight through this sickness. Ask that Jesus would give him the sense to get up and ask God - for he asks, fine, but lacks faith. He doesn't fully believe that God will heal him. Rebuke the feeling that this problem is too big for God and the thought that it's a problem that needs to be healed with time, food and medicines, but God is the only one who can heal him.

Evan died; he put more faith in the doctors than God. Also if we are sick we need to get up and fight. This man gave in and died.

Loren

The following is a diary entry made in November 1996.

Loren rang to wish me a happy birthday; I wish she hadn't. For almost 2 hours she argued why she should still listen to her meditation tape, "Self Healing", read "Positive Thinking" books and generally put her faith in New Age ideas, instead of trusting Jesus Christ for her healing.

After lunch while standing near the sink God said to me, "You see now why I gave you the song, "I Surrender All" for her. I hadn't sung, or even heard the song for a while.

All to Jesus I surrender
All to Him I freely give,
I will always love and trust Him
In His presence daily live.
I surrender all
I surrender all
All to thee my blessed Saviour
I surrender all.

Loren hadn't surrendered her New Age activities to Jesus Christ, yet she expected Him to heal her. She died a few months later. Jesus healed when He walked the earth; He still does today. Dare you trust Him? I do!!

Chapter 7

Suicide

People have a fascination with the unknown, visiting fortune tellers, or reading the horoscope. Others are fascinated with horror books or movies, yet others become involved in séances and using the ouija boards. Very few people accept that there are actually evil spirits, much less that people are being controlled by them. Yet countless times I have prayed for people and cast demons out in Jesus' mighty name. Evil forces on the T.V. screen are much easier to cope with than evil forces in a person close to you, or the person down the road. Non-Christians and some Christians have the mistaken belief that if you don't believe in something, it doesn't exist. Wrong!

A young woman in one of my classes, as a teenager had taken part in a séance. Seven or eight years later that act nearly took her life.

Sandra and I became friends after I helped her with some assignments, when she was sick. On one of the occasions when she came to my home she told me about some of the problems she was having, my answer was to hand them over to God. She replied, "He is your God, he won't listen to me."

A few nights later she was woken up to the sound of bongo drums and a voice saying, "You'll never find your God, you belong to me." Satan had obviously been eavesdropping on our conversation in my kitchen.

Eventually she did ask Jesus into her heart. The evil spirit living inside her did not appreciate the presence of the Holy Spirit, for soon afterwards she would visit me with her left arm bandaged from the wrist to the elbow. When I asked the reason for the bandages, she simply replied, "Oh, I cut myself." I understood this to mean that she had hurt herself through a fall or some other accident. While reading Mark 5:1-5, God revealed to me why Sandra's arm was bandaged.

Mark 5:1 Jesus and his disciples arrived on the other side of Lake Galilee, in the territory of Gerasa.

2) As soon as Jesus got out of the boat, he was met by a man who came out of the burial caves there. This man had an evil spirit in him

3) and lived among the tombs. Nobody could keep him tied with chains any more;

4) many times his feet and his hands had been tied, but every time he broke the chains and smashed the irons on his feet. He was too strong for anyone to control him.

5) Day and night he wandered among the tombs and through the hills, screaming and cutting himself with stones.

As I came to the words, "cutting himself with stones" God said to me, "Sandra". My immediate reaction was, "Oh no she's possessed."

"Tell her," was the next instruction.

After a few attempts, I finally had the courage to confront her. The reply shocked me.

"Yes it's true."

Immediately I decided to ring my minister, so that he could come over and pray for her.

As we waited for his arrival, I asked Sandra to explain why she thought she was possessed. Apparently at the age of fifteen she had participated in a séance. Not believing that such things as evil spirits exist, she had demanded for one to come into her life and to reveal itself. Only then would she believe. Sadly the doubters always want proof. Proof came in the form of a photo. While lying drunk on the floor, somebody had taken a photo of her. Nestled in her blonde hair, on her shoulder, was the face of a grotesque creature. Every time Sandra was drunk the evil spirit would try to kill her - namely by cutting herself.

While the minister and an elder prayed for her, the spirit actually spoke to Sandra; but refused to leave. Over the next weeks the whole church prayed for her, but still the spirit kept trying to kill her. Finally one day, her urgent voice pleaded with me over the phone, to come quickly, as she was dying.

As my car was being repaired I asked my brother Klaus to drive me to her place. Just as I was about to get into the car God told me to get the Bible.

"LORD, what is the point of reading the Bible to a corpse?" I asked. Nonetheless, I ran upstairs and did as I was told.

Neither my brother, nor I, were prepared for the sight that met our eyes. My friend stood in the kitchen, casually supporting herself on the breakfast bar - normally white, now red with her blood. Her face, neck and clothing were also covered in blood; there was even some on the phone, curtains, wall and ceiling. For all that, her greeting was unnaturally cheerful. The can of beer and broken bottle neck, said it all.

Without answering I placed my Bible on the freezer and told my brother we needed to clean her up before we took her to the hospital. Because of the tremendous blood loss, I decided to support her when we were ready to leave. As my left hand held her right arm, I remembered to take my Bible. At my request; my brother passed it to me. What followed comes straight out of a horror movie. Her body became twisted as if she was a rubber doll and a man's voice spoke out of her mouth saying: "Get away from me with that Bible; get away from me with that Bible." Sandra then proceeded to run through the house dragging me behind her. A bull-terrier couldn't have held on tighter and all I could say was, "I rebuke you satan", over and over again. I didn't even have the clearness of mind to add, "in Jesus' name". In hindsight the scene must have looked rather comical, only my brother and I weren't laughing.

Finally she came to her senses and we were able to leave for the hospital. As we travelled along, a voice piped up from the back seat.

"Look I burned my finger."

"How did you manage to do that?" I asked.

"When I dialled your number."

Obviously, satan didn't want me to turn up, for, had she succeeded in committing suicide, she would have sent herself to hell. God sets the time for us to die, unless someone

murders us and that also isn't according to His will. When it comes to dying a natural death, "He sets the time for birth and the time for death ..." (Ecclesiastes 3:2).

During the drive to the hospital, Sandra's constant worry was that I shouldn't pray for her while we were at the hospital. At that stage I was happy to agree to anything. As we sat in the Casualty Department of the district hospital, I couldn't help but think of the whole affair. In my mind I brought the matter before God, not even realising that I was praying. "What is the blockage God? Why hasn't this spirit left her? The church has prayed, I have prayed, what's wrong?" At that moment, to the shock of my brother and myself, a man's voice spoke out of her mouth, hissing at me, "Stop praying, stop praying, you're burning me." In shock, I stopped. At the same time the nurse called Sandra.

While she was being attended to, I impressed upon my brother the need to take the children out, once we got back home. I didn't want them to see what we had seen.

As soon as Sandra entered my home, she ran out onto the balcony screaming at the top of her voice, "I'm free, I'm free". I didn't want the neighbours rushing out to see what was going on, so I gently prised her fingers loose from the railing and led her into the lounge room. Again she cried out joyfully, "I'm free, I'm free". I couldn't help but ask, "How do you know you're free?" "As my arm was being stitched, I felt my chest tightening, restricting my breathing. The top half of my body seemed to shrink and I found myself gasping for air. Before the nurse could give me oxygen I vomited green stuff all over the place. At that moment I knew the spirit had left me. By the way, when you picked up the Bible at my place it turned into a ball of fire."

How amazing that the spirit in Sandra should see the Bible in my hand turn into a ball of fire and that is why it twisted her body and spoke out of her mouth. To many people the Bible is just a book, which is carelessly thrown onto the floor, or even used as a footstool for filthy shoes at church. I know this is hard to believe, but I have actually seen people do it.

Respecting God's Holy Word the Bible.

God taught me an interesting lesson about respecting His Holy Word. My habit was to read the Bible over breakfast. I was careful not to spill coffee onto the pages, but other than that I saw no problems reading the Bible during my meals. That is, until God convicted me otherwise, one morning.

"Would you speak to somebody with your mouth full and food dribbling down your chin?"

"Yuk, no LORD!"

"Well then, don't do it to me."

Needless to say, I never again read the Bible during a meal.

Some months later, I visited a Christian Fellowship. One of the girls was eating out of a tub of yoghurt, sitting on one half of the Bible, while she was reading the other half. I shared with the group what God had shown me. Immediately, I was classified a religious fanatic. The next day however, one of the girls came and shared the following with me.

"Last night I was reading the Bible and God said to me:"

"Do you believe that this is my Word?"

"Yes."

"Well what are you doing eating over my face?"

Since God revealed to me how His Holy Word, the Bible should be treated, the words in John 1:1&14 mean so much more.

1) In the beginning the Word already existed; the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

14) The Word became a human being and, full of grace and truth, lived among us. We saw his glory, the glory which he received as the Father's only Son.

The Word of God is alive and active, sharper than any two edged sword. (Hebrews 4:12)
The robe he wore was covered with blood. His name is 'The Word of God'. (Revelation 19:13)

The situation surrounding Sandra taught me three important things.

- 1) The Word of God is mighty and to be highly respected.
- 2) Prayer is powerful, to the point of burning the demons.
- 3) Through Jesus Christ we are victorious.

Chapter 8

Long Bay Gaol

Our gaols are bursting at the seams, with people who have committed a crime. Sadly there are many more people walking the streets imprisoned by circumstances beyond their control, or of their making. Jesus set Sandra free from suicide; He can also set people free from alcoholism, rejection, homosexuality, lust, hatred, insanity, fear, compulsive habits etc.

Paul had been out on probation from Boga Road Gaol, when the police arrested him for robbing a chemist. God, in His mysterious ways allowed me to meet Paul and his girlfriend Julie, through an acquaintance. The two offered to help me with the church youth group I was running. Three months later, Paul told me why they had been so obliging. He needed a character reference from a person with a good job and good standing in society. According to him I seemed to fit the bill. The longer however, that he had associated with me, the more he began to realise that there was something different - the difference being Jesus.

His words to me had been, "I want what you've got." Joyfully I told Paul and Julie that it was easy to get what I had; all you had to do was ask Jesus into your life. The world we live in today is very technical, complicated and confusing. There is nothing difficult about admitting that we in ourselves are inadequate, have problems and basically make a mess of our life. Only Jesus, if we allow Him, can make right the wrongs we have done.

After prayer God literally changed Paul's physical appearance. Before Paul had asked Jesus into his heart his facial expression had been hard and mean. He couldn't bear for anybody to comment on his balding head, or red hair. The red freckles didn't vanish, but they now added a soft touch to his face. The ugly tattoo of a Buddha, on his stomach, unfortunately didn't disappear, but the anger, violence and hatred melted as quickly as snow in a furnace. In Paul's case, the cleansing furnace was God's love. Before asking Jesus into his heart Paul had often bragged how he had taken great delight in running over cats, or dogs on the road, if they hadn't been quick enough to get out of the way. What a change to see him rolling around the floor, playing with the children. He didn't even mind having the few tufts of hair pulled. The love Jesus had poured into his heart also helped him cope with life inside, once he was sentenced again.

(As both Paul and Julie made a commitment to Jesus, they also decided to make a more lasting commitment to each other. Within a few weeks they were married and baptised.)

Twelve months after Paul's confession the matter finally came before the court. I offered to go, as did the minister and half the church. Paul was still sentenced, because God is just and we need to pay for our crimes. Nonetheless, the sentence was only three years, compared to the five he should have received.

Just as Jesus had changed Paul's appearance, so He also changed his attitude. He became compassionate towards other inmates and shared with them how his life had changed. Programmes cannot change the heart and character of a person, only Jesus can wash us clean from our filthy life-styles and give us a new outlook on God and humanity.

The extracts from letters, I received from Paul, while in gaol, show just how much God had changed him.

Extract 1

Long Bay Gaol

To my dear friends and sister in the Lord. The Lord truly blessed me when we became friends. My heart goes out to you and all Christian friends. I look around me in these walls and I can see the hurt, the anger, the waste of life. I can see the emptiness of these poor souls. They hunger, but they do not know what they hunger for. Yet, if I were to try and show them I would be despised. I pray that God will give me a way. By His, and most of all Jesus' strength, I can do all things. The Holy Spirit comes, although it never leaves, sometimes I feel so high, higher than any drug I've ever been on in the past.

I feel a love for these people when I listen to their laughter. Yet, I know there is a great difference between us. Not that I am any better - just that my sins are forgiven. The devil is all around me here and he has been testing me in many ways.

I remember that the Word of God is sharper than any two edged sword. I have not got enough of the Word in me yet. But with the Holy Spirit and Jesus I shall. I look at it this way: that a two-edged sword can be broken if not handled right. I listen to the Lord at night, after reading his Word. I pray for everyone and close my eyes. Then the Lord takes me away in his hands broken and bruised, yet so soft and warm and full of love.

He is truly a wonderful God, our God, whose depths are beyond us all. I saw the love of God in the court, in all my Christian friends. I will never forget the love and fellowship we had in Christ Jesus.

I stopped writing this letter for two hours while Joe read to me about Job. I found the Word and insight beyond me. Yet it was in a way as if a child could have understood it. I pray to fear him, to trust him, no matter what the outcome. I want to be as gentle as a dove and as brave as a lion. If I keep my eyes on Jesus, all things will come to me. Praise God for the cell I'm in, with a window I cannot see out of.

Extract 2

Long Bay Gaol

I would like to give my love to your Bible study. I suppose I do not know a lot of them, but they are still my brothers and sisters in Christ. So I pray they will grow and grow

through Jesus and the Holy Spirit. Tell the group that Jesus has made me feel so high sometimes, that it makes LSD and all other drugs feel like Disprins. But at other times I have fallen to the deck. It can only be me who leaves this high. For Jesus will not leave me. I pray that the person who this message is for will understand and trust in Jesus' love. It is hard sometimes as I have cried and broken down, something I would not have done in my past, because of my hard heart back then. I have found in here my heart was hard, but some of the hearts in here are like steel. Yet the ones that are like this make the time in here worth it.

Extract 3

Long Bay Gaol

I hope you will bear with me a bit. Last night or early morning, 3 o'clock, I felt that I should pray for someone, as well as others I hold dear to my heart.

Last night, in my cell, Graham accepted Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. I have been witnessing in here and with the Spirit of Christ, I received a great blessing as Graham told me today. I was witnessing to another man called Fred and I feel in my spirit that he too will accept the gift of life. Praise be to Jesus for letting me be a tool in my Master's hands.

I long for Julie each day, but I know you give her my love. To all I hold dear give my love as a brother, sometimes not a very good one. Jesus will teach me many new and wonderful things. He has given me peace and love and above all he has given me salvation.

Chapter 9

Attempted Murder

The association with Paul and Julie were to lead to 3 years of visitations to five gaols: Long Bay, Goulburn, Silver Water, Bathurst and Park Lea Maximum Security. Through Paul's eyes the term gaol and criminals took on a different meaning. I am not condoning the actions of criminals, nor am I saying they should not pay for their crimes; it's just that now I no longer see them as statistics, but individuals.

We learnt that inmates committed suicide due to despair and loneliness. Paul pleaded with me to write to some of these inmates. In this way we met J.R. When J.R. was transferred from Long Bay to Bathurst Gaol, we promised to visit him during my holidays. Arrangements for accommodation were made through Rod, a Christian warder.

Rod provided us first with two nights free motel accommodation, then two nights accommodation at the boys' college where he was house-master. The generosity with which he greeted us was overwhelming. Jesus said,

"I assure you that anyone who gives you a drink of water because you belong to me will certainly receive a reward." (Mark 9:41).

This man gave to us, total strangers, a banquet. The table was laden with many varieties of cheeses, vegetables, nuts and fresh bread. Just to make sure that we wouldn't go hungry Rod had ordered pizza and cheese cake to be delivered as well. The children and I have never forgotten this man's generosity. Unfortunately, we haven't forgotten the horror that followed either.

The old house we were to stay in was occupied by Rod, the Principal and his family, as well as boys occupying a dormitory - the latter two, now on holidays. The architecture indicated that the house would have been built in the late 1800s. There was an old world charm, but also a foreboding uneasiness about the place.

Rod's guided tour of the house revealed some interesting facts, for there was a well under one of the rooms where a dead body had been found. It had never been established whether the death had been accidental, suicide or murder. Rod's reason for changing rooms in

the house was also interesting. While sick in bed one day, he had felt as if the walls were closing in on him. Also the cupboard seemed to be coming closer and closer, ready to squash him. There was obviously more to this old house than met the eye.

Between visits to the gaol and the surrounding scenic spots, the days passed pleasantly. J.R. was very happy to have us visit him. Soon three other inmates were invited to the visitors' area. To these four inmates my children and I were the closest they came to having a mother and sisters, especially in J.R's case, since he had been thrown out of home at the age of fourteen.

I never asked the prisoners what their crimes were. Through the love of Jesus I hoped that the vicious cycle of hatred, rejection and fear would be broken. Jesus had turned my life around. I knew He could also give these men a new start in life.

Our second night at the college proved eventful. A friend of Rod's had arrived from Sydney to stay for a few days. In the course of conversation, I shared with them the story about Sandra. The visitor was very sceptical about demonic forces inside a person. "I'll believe it, when I see it." Little did he realise he would see "it" very shortly - that night.

Around 10 o'clock Rod invited me to see his room. Considering I had already had a guided tour of the house the previous evening, including Rod's room, I decided there must be more to it than a simple invitation. I agreed to go, but insisted on getting my Bible first.

After Rod had closed the door, he slowly turned around and said, "I'm sure you realise I didn't ask you in here to see my room."

I could only manage a numb, "Yes."

"As I listened to you sharing the story of Sandra, I realised I have a similar problem. I would like you to pray for me." This revelation did surprise me a little, but I took it all in my stride - just as well we don't know the future. With the words, "Rod I'll just get my daughter to help me pray," I left the room.

To Malcolm's surprise I asked him to take care of Rachael, while Sonja and I prayed for Rod. As the house was built around a courtyard, it was easy to cross from one room to another, as well as hear what was going on. Little did Malcolm realise that his unbelief would be challenged very shortly.

Rod sat in the chair by the desk, while Sonja and I decided to kneel in prayer. To help my concentration, I closed my eyes; I try not to do that anymore when I pray for somebody. For upon opening my eyes I saw such horror as only seen in bizarre horror movies - only this was for real. Yes, the body of Rod sat before us, but it wasn't him. The eyes were large round stones that glared at us. The face was white and unbelievably evil, resembling granite. The evil which came from Rod was electric. Immediately I started to pray, at this the body before us became even more frightening. I didn't know how to pray; so I just called on Jesus and rebuked satan. As I commanded the spirit of self-pity to leave him one single tear rolled down his cheek. Why those words came out of my mouth, I don't know, but at least there was a response.

When I stopped praying from time to time, Rod reacted normally. At one stage he told us that the evil spirit had told him to strangle both of us, or throw things at us. There was something, however, which prevented him from touching us. That "something" was the mighty power of God.

1 John 4:4 But you belong to God, my children, and have defeated the false prophets, because the Spirit who is in you is more powerful than the spirit in those who belong to the world.

Jesus Christ by His Holy Spirit is greater and more powerful than satan, or any demonic spirit.

The hours wore on and both Rod and I became very weary. At one stage I suggested that he should lie on the bed to get some rest. Although the battle was spiritual it was affecting him physically. Every time I tried to cast out the demon which was ruling him, his body would change. At one stage his whole body became terribly twisted. As I looked at the grotesque body before me, God said, "Lilly".

"Lilly!" I thought in horror. My thoughts momentarily raced to a young woman sitting in a wheelchair. Her brother had already died from some disease, which had left his body twisted and his tongue speechless. Now Lilly was fast going the way of her brother. "Lord Jesus are you trying to tell me that Lilly is not sick due to a physical condition, but dying due to a spiritual condition?" God told me to tell the minister of her mother's church to pray for the daughter, for once the spirit of infirmity had been cast out; she would be healed.

Upon returning to Wollongong I spoke to the minister about what God had shown me. Sadly he never prayed for Lilly and shortly afterwards she died. Lilly's younger brother, until after her death had been a healthy young man. Yet a few months after his sister's death he also developed the same symptoms and eventually died the same horrible death as his brother and sister a few years later. Apparently the spirit of infirmity transferred from one person to the next at their death. If only these people had been prayed for, Jesus would have gladly set them free. Many times we suffer needlessly, if only we knew God's Word and how to apply it to our life.

My, I do digress! Back to Rod. By 12:45 that night, my strength was failing and I could no longer pray. I guess Jesus was right when he said, "this kind needs much prayer and fasting."

As I prepared to leave his room he said in the sweetest, gentlest tone, "Marlies, would you like me to show you the room where the well is?" Immediately the Holy Spirit warned me with a very definite, NO! Although Rod gave the invitation three times, the Holy Spirit just as strongly told me to say no three times. God did not want me, or my daughters murdered. The foul spirit that would not leave Rod was a spirit of murder; it wanted to use Rod to kill us. Bearing that fact in mind, Sonja and I decided not to go to sleep that night - which was just as well.

We decided to move to the loungeroom. Malcolm and Rachael had disappeared, they had obviously heard what was going on.

The horror of the past hours was still with us, so prayer and praise seemed like a good idea to help us stay awake. We froze in terror as the door creaked and slowly opened and then closed again. All night we heard footsteps, anticipating any moment that Rod would stand in the doorway with a knife or gun. The hours passed slowly, kitchen doors opened and closed, floor boards creaked, but no human form appeared in the doorway of the loungeroom.

As the darkness disappeared and the dawn broke, we looked at the mist, dancing like ghosts, outside the window. At least these figures we could see. The ghosts who had partied all night in the house, we had only heard.

It was hard to know how much Rod remembered about the previous night, but he wasn't as friendly as he had been when we first arrived. I asked him why he had paced the floor boards so restlessly all night. To that he replied that he hadn't left his bed.

Malcolm had taken Rachael and himself to the dormitory, where he had slept with a baseball bat by his side. He was no longer in doubt that people can be possessed by an evil spirit.

Rod had gotten into this sad state because he had played around in a séance at the age of thirteen. As usual the children like so many other people, believed that there were no evil spirits and that séances don't really work anyway. Well, the séance had worked and the results were still with him ten years later when we met him. The morning after the séance, Rod found himself lying on his back, covered in rosary beads, crosses and Bibles. His friends were too horrified to speak to him. Strangely enough they were covered in bruises. Only months later was Rod able to piece some of the events together. A spirit had taken control of him and he tried to kill his friends. Séances are not to be meddled with, for they leave long-term unpleasant consequences.

I will never forget Rod's kindness; he wasn't evil, rather that which ruled him. I have prayed for Rod over many years. I know God will set him free, if He hasn't done so already.

Chapter 10

Bathurst Gaol

I didn't tell J.R. or the other inmates what happened at the college - there was no point. This was our last day and I mentioned as much to the officer at the reception centre. As we chatted the man asked if we wanted a closer view of the inside of the prison. From the visiting centre we passed through massive gates into the 'neutral' zone. I couldn't help but compare the situation to the trenches and "no-man's land" in World War 1. Having crossed the neutral zone we entered another set of massive gates. Judging by the layout, Bathurst wouldn't have too many escapes.

The reception committee was waiting for us. The inmates were openly making crude remarks about my older daughter, who at that stage was nearly eighteen. My maternal instinct boiled over, and softly I whispered to the warden, "They are nothing but animals". Unfortunately, I hadn't whispered softly enough for a prisoner heard and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hey, she said we're nothing but a pack of animals." Within seconds we were surrounded. Bullies always feel the strongest in a group; even more so when confronting a lone warder, a woman and two children. The situation looked and felt extremely ugly. The thought crossed my mind that we could become the hostages of these men.

I decided to confront the leader before he had a chance to rally his group. I looked him straight in the eyes and said, "I felt sorry the minute I made that comment, but I don't appreciate my daughter being insulted. The children and I go to gaols not judging who we meet, we simply tell them about Jesus and treat them like human beings; is it too much to ask for a little respect?"

My boldness and speech surprised the man. He even looked a little shaken. "Sorry lady, you don't know what it's like in here. We climb the walls sometimes in frustration and helplessness. We didn't mean you and the children any harm." The bomb had been defused - what a relief!

I don't know who was more relieved: the children and I, or the warder. Repairs from a previous riot had just been completed. With smiles all round, we continued our tour of the gaol.

The convicts on hulks, moored on the Thames in the 1700s and 1800s would have considered the cell we saw as absolutely luxurious. One inmate had agreed to show us his cell. We climbed to the second storey and were amazed to see the comforts of life, a television, stereo, books, tablecloth and ornaments. On hindsight, I suppose he would have traded all his possessions for his freedom.

The doors of Bathurst Gaol closed behind us that Friday afternoon; but not our continued association with prisoners. For many years Sonja and I continued to write to prisoners around the state or interstate. The following extracts from letters sent to me are an indication of how necessary Jesus is in the life of a person, whether in or out of gaol.

J.R. Matraville

God bless you and keep you well. Thank you for your lovely letter last week. You know it's funny, but when you said it was sad that a person as young as me is in prison instead of enjoying my freedom, I feel that I am free for the first time in my life. Maybe not in a physical sense, but in the spiritual. I believe that there is no benefit in physical freedom without spiritual freedom and I have only found my spiritual freedom since I lost my physical freedom.

Yes, I do thank the Lord for my circumstances, (I just hope they don't last too long). Seriously speaking though, I was going from bad to worse. I started by stealing, then I graduated to selling marijuana, then moving on to having my own organisation of people selling drugs for me. Finally I did the worst thing that any man can do to his fellow man, I started to sell heroin. Thank God I was caught. I was sentenced to three years prison and after serving eight months I escaped with the intention of going to see my sister in Cairns and then leave Australia, to go to Lebanon. Well, the escape was successful and I was at large in Sydney for three months, trying to raise some money for the journey.

Most of the way heading for Queensland I was travelling well in excess of the speed limit, without being stopped by the police. When I got to Townsville I increased speed slightly. You wouldn't read of it, there was a policeman stationed just out of Townsville, who should have knocked off work ten minutes earlier, but he wanted to get one more ticket before he went home. So guess who trundles past him doing a lousy six kilometres over the speed limit! I saw him wave at me and silly me not realising that he wanted me to pull over waved back at him. So consequently he chased me. I panicked and took off and ended up in hospital after an accident. Then it was off to gaol, where I became a Christian. I believe God had a hand in my escape and although I lost my physical freedom, as I said, I gained a greater freedom.

J.R. Bathurst

It's funny, but when you all came to see me, I realised that there was a large part of my life that I had missed out on. I had sacrificed love, compassion, friends, truth and God for lust, pain, hardship, lies and a false god - money. Since becoming a Christian, I have come to understand the value and virtues of Christian living.

Joseph - Matraville

I was very, very happy to receive your letter, it was a great boost to my morale. Letters in here are the closest thing to a person. I have read your letter at least five times and as you already know, it is easy to get to know people and understand them through the feelings they bring out in their writings, especially with as much time to ponder them as we have. Yes, the Lord Jesus has truly blessed me with friends for my wife and myself. I am getting there, as they say, 'slow and steady wins the race'. They must have been God's words, because they are words of patience, something I normally have been very short of, but now seem to be able to find plenty with the help of Jesus.

Testimony by George - Park Lea

In November 1984 after being released from gaol for the second time I went to church with my brother-in-law who was a Christian. I went there expecting that nobody would have anything to do with me. At first I wanted to leave, but something told me to stay. After going there for some weeks I asked the Lord Jesus into my heart and a week later I was baptised, it was so beautiful. I don't know how to put it into words. The Lord gave me many Christian friends to talk to and ask for help in my daily walk with Him. We would go away on Christian camps; that I loved. I started to love the things I was doing for the Lord. I was about 28 at the time.

At the fellowship I met a girl called Helen who I liked very much. She had a young son, who I grew to love. Because I didn't want to lose Helen, in case she didn't feel the same way, I didn't tell her how I felt. I also knew an older woman called Cathy. She was very beautiful. She wasn't a Christian. I had met her at a club. I was trying to walk in my faith with Jesus, hoping to interest Cathy, but she didn't want to know. I knew I really loved Helen but I felt I couldn't risk involving her in my life. I tried to walk away from Cathy, but she would contact me and I would go back. I was so mixed up; I just needed someone to love me.

Even as a Christian I was haunted by memories of my past life and that caused me much distress. During my first spell inside for armed robbery I was brutally raped at knife point by an older man. It happened over a three day period. Afterwards the nightmares, the shame and the guilt drove me to repeated suicide attempts. I have tried to have normal relationships with girls, but the rape nightmares keep coming back. I started drinking heavily to try to forget.

In April 1985 when I had only been a Christian for six months, my brother-in-law died. I had again lost someone very close to me. He had been the only one from my family present at my baptism. I went downhill after his death, but the Lord Jesus took care of me. Despite this I got back with Cathy, but I knew she wanted a normal relationship with a guy, so I went back to the drinking and drugs. I was a two way Christian; I knew I loved Jesus, but I was still really mixed up inside. In January 1986 I took an overdose but the Lord Jesus wanted me to live a bit longer. Someone found me and took me to hospital. I changed churches and this helped for a while until I got back with Cathy.

On the 7th August, 1986 I was very drunk and went to Cathy's place. We had a bad fight. I left but when I returned later she was dead. I don't remember anything about the fight. I went to the police with my Christian friends and handed myself in. Back in gaol suicide was on my mind for the first 3-4 months, then after about 6 months I asked the Lord for forgiveness and I know he has forgiven me.

Since then I have spoken to many friends inside about Jesus and the Lord helps me to know what to say to them. Neil and I started a fellowship in the gaol chapel. Some of the guys I have spoken to have asked Jesus into their life, praise the Lord. Some of them are now on the outside and still with the Lord. They still write to me. Plus there are guys who have gone to other prisons and they tell me they are witnessing to others.

Here in my wing there are four Christians and I have a special friend Michael. He lives right across from me and he comes and we talk about Jesus. Michael has helped me to grow stronger in my faith and my daily walk with Jesus. I praise the Lord for giving me a chance in my life and I thank him for always being there when I need him. He has given me all my family back and my Christian friends I knew outside.

Jesus is my Saviour and I am his servant, and I love Him with all my heart. Praise you Jesus. Love Jesus and you will experience that love for Jesus is the strongest power of all; it will enable you to overcome all hardships.

Todd - Townsville

Extract 1

I've been getting a bit of a buffeting of late, but that's to be expected, as it is my fault. The more I read the Bible and pray the stronger I feel and it seems as if there are scales falling from my eyes.

One thing that sticks in my mind is that there cannot be any doubt if we want our prayers to be answered. Matthew 21:22 The key word being "believing". It is only in the last week as I read more and more of the Bible that I have been more positive in my prayers and now I can say in all honesty that I have claimed and thanked my Father for what I have asked for. And here is the positive answer to my main prayer. I had run out of money and therefore couldn't afford any letters, so I prayed about it and fully believing that some money would come before the deadline. Praise God, on Monday I got a brief note and a card from Pat and Peter and for the first time, other than birthdays, when they usually send me \$10, out of the blue they sent me \$20. But that's not the end of it. The next night I got another letter from my mother and she had sent me \$50. Hallelujah, praise the Lord; he sees all our needs and supplies them.

Extract 2

So the Lord touched your life twenty two years ago, huh Sis, but regardless of the 15 years of disobedience, you came to him, as He knew you would, never to wander. It took the Lord thirty five and a half years to get through this lump on my shoulders. Praise the Lord. He got through back in June 1981 and my head isn't full of satanic filth and rubbish anymore, bless Him for His gracious mercy. What a great God we have.

Extract 3

I am assuming that Sonja has shared my testimony with you, Sis. I won't rave on, but I blew a two year sentence up to thirteen years, three weeks, only because of the satanic influence I allowed to lead me. To date I've got over nine years one month done and look a good thing

for getting parole about October - November, when I get my answer on a parole review in September. My physical freedom is one big deal to me now that I have that Glorious Light of Jesus Christ showing me the Way, the Truth, the Life, making me want to shout, hallelujah, praise you Jesus.

Ever since John 8:36 became a living reality in my spirit, it sure has changed my outlook (admittedly not enough) towards my fellow man. I hated the world before I heard that beautiful knocking on the door of my heart and allowed Jesus in to sup and have fellowship with me. Revelation 3:20.

These extracts, from hundreds of letters, I have received over the years are an indication of how wonderful Jesus is when it comes to changing people's lives.

Chapter 11

Angels

As I sorted through the many letters received from prisoners it struck me how grateful these people were for God's provision and blessing in their life. There are many "so-called" Christians out of gaol, who show very little gratitude towards Jesus for what He has done in their life.

Psalm 106

- 1/ Praise the LORD! Give thanks to the LORD, because he is good; his love is eternal.
- 2/ Who can tell all the great things he has done? Who can praise him enough?
- 13/ But they quickly forgot what he had done and acted without waiting for his advice.
- 21/ They forgot the God who had saved them ...

Sadly people very quickly forget what God has done for them.

Thanking God for His many provisions also became the topic of discussion between Sonja, her friend Sally and myself. We could all remember how God in one way or another had provided for us, in either a natural or supernatural way. A friend of Sonja's had found her two year old daughter floating face down in the pool. As the mother pulled the child from the water she feared the worst. Praise God Janice was alive and told her mother that she had, "held onto the big birdie's wings". God had sent His angels to save the child.

That story made me think of my own granddaughter, who had been miraculously saved from serious injury or even death. Unknown to Connie and I the child had wandered from the loungeroom, down the hallway and out the front door, which had not been closed properly. The heavy thud and scream alerted us and we saw Sarah lying at the foot of the stairs. To our amazement there were no broken bones, not even a scratch. The only sign of her having fallen, was a slightly red ear. I guess the angel just managed to grab Sarah's ear as she fell. God is truly marvellous.

Sally sipped her tea slowly and said, "I could tell you a few stories about angels." Immediately I became interested for doesn't the Bible say:

Hebrews 1:14 What are the angels, then? They are spirits who serve God and are sent by him to help those who are to receive salvation.

You could tell by Sally's hesitant expression that she didn't particularly want to remember the incident; but by the same token, she wanted to give glory to God for having miraculously saved her. "You never call a drug addict a junkie. Because of that remark Danny, my boyfriend, ran around the place chopping up everything in a blind rage. He chopped off every door knob in the place, the idea being to ultimately corner and kill me. The last place of escape was the bathroom. I locked the door and cowered in a corner, six months pregnant. He finally succeeded in chopping down the bathroom door. No words can describe how I felt. All I could do was silently cry out to God. I didn't even have the strength to voice my thoughts. I saw the axe falling; yet incredibly it stopped in mid air. Had God commanded one of His angels to save me?

You know living with Danny was fulfilling, to a point. I guess my love for him made me blind to his many short comings. But then he is extremely handsome and has winning ways. It's true when people say that love is blind. Anyway, one day I came to the point where I couldn't cope anymore and I decided to commit suicide. I cried out to God and said that I knew He existed, I just didn't know who He was; but I asked if He would come into my life anyway.

After having said that, I felt myself lifted up, physically and spiritually. The joy in my heart was indescribable. After that experience I still didn't know much about God, but I started to read the Bible. Gently God convicted me about the de-facto relationship. Little did I realise that our marriage would end in divorce and I would experience terror upon terror.

After one of the many fights I had with Danny I sat in a lounge chair totally depressed. Gradually I began to sing to God. As I praised Him, I felt the lounge chair being rocked back and forth and I heard the actual flutter of heavenly beings around me. This continued until I fell asleep. God had most definitely sent His ministering angels to me."

Sally's sister, a dedicated Christian had also experienced the presence of angels. During a nightmare, she saw herself surrounded by witches, ready to kill her. Desperately she

called out to Jesus. As she spoke His name, the nightmare fled. On awakening she felt angels floating around her, singing heavenly songs.

Even I could think of two instances where God revealed to me something about His ministering servants. Coming home late one night from doing God's work, I just collapsed into bed. As my head hit the pillow I saw myself surrounded by a host of angels, they seemed to be 10 feet tall. The formation of the angels was exactly like that of a Roman army going into battle. As I walked along, these gigantic beings spoke to each other over my head. "Look at her go, isn't she great. She is getting on with the job." The angels were ecstatic over me. Why, I couldn't quite work out, yet for a brief moment God allowed me a glimpse into the spirit world. As the army of angels and I marched on, we finally came to the top of a hill. I sat down and the angels sat down around me. Then I fell asleep.

After Bible study one lunchtime at school, a student came to me, all excited.
"Ms. Ms., I saw an angel in Bible study."

"Tell me about it."

"I saw this massive angel stand slightly to the side of you. He was really tall and beautiful. His arms were slightly away from his body, with palms facing upwards. He stood as if he was worshipping God. I gave him a wave and he winked back."

Karin's revelation really excited me. I now see the Biblical stories about angels in a different way.

Genesis 19:1, 13, 16 & 17 When the two angels came to Sodom that evening, Lot was sitting at the city gate. As soon as he saw them, he got up and went to meet them. He bowed down before them. (The angels said) ... we are going to destroy this place. The LORD has heard the terrible accusations against these people and has sent us to destroy Sodom. Lot hesitated. The LORD however, had pity on him; so the men took, his wife, and his two daughters by the hand and led them out of the city. Then one of the angels said, "Run for your lives! Don't look back and don't stop in the valley. Run to the hills, so that you won't be killed."

Exodus 23:20 "I will send an angel ahead of you to protect you as you travel and to bring you to the place which I have prepared."

Daniel 10:11-13, 16&19 The angel said to me, "Daniel, God loves you. Stand up and listen carefully to what I am going to say. I have been sent to you."

12/ Then he said, "Daniel, don't be afraid. God has heard your prayers ever since the first day you decided to humble yourself in order to gain understanding. I have come in answer to your prayer.

13/ The angel prince of the kingdom of Persia opposed me for twenty-one days. Then Michael, one of the chief angels, came to help me, because I had been left there alone in Persia."

16/ Then the angel, who looked like a human being, reached out and touched my lips.

19/ He said, "God loves you, so don't let anything worry you or frighten you."

Matthew 28:2&3 Suddenly there was a violent earthquake; an angel of the Lord came down from heaven, rolled the stone away, and sat on it.

3/ His appearance was like lightning, and his clothes were white as snow.

Acts 12:7&8 Suddenly an angel of the Lord stood there, and a light shone in the cell. The angel shook Peter by the shoulder, woke him up, and said, "Hurry! Get up!" At once the chains fell off Peter's hands.

8/ Then the angel said, "Do up your belt and put on your sandals." Peter did so, and the angel said, "Put your cloak around you and come with me."

It was great to have Sonja, Sally and myself share this little discussion on angels. At random, I have selected a few references from the Old and New Testament, there are many more, which make interesting reading. The references in the Bible to angels clearly show that God looks after His children in wondrous ways.

Psalm 91:9-12 You have made the LORD your defender, the Most High your protector, and so no disaster will strike you, no violence will come near your home. God will put his angels in charge of you to protect you wherever you go. They will hold you up with their hands to keep you from hurting your feet on the stones.

Chapter 12

How to pray

God, through a dream taught me how to pray. In my dream I was in the diningroom of my minister and his wife. I asked them why satan attacks us. First one, than the other spoke. "If you are in the forefront fighting for Jesus, you will collect the most bullets." "If you hang around people involved in the occult, the evil will rub off on you."

Having received those two answers, I stood up and left. I entered the adjoining room, which normally contained furniture, but was now empty. As I walked in one door, a well dressed and groomed middle-aged man walked in the other door. Although he looked very

respectable, I knew instantly that he was a demon in man's form come to kill me. Frantically I called out to Jesus, but nothing happened. Jesus did not come to my aid.

My opponent and I were equally matched. He would have to retreat, or I would be forced to retreat. We battled on for some time and I was getting very tired, to the point where I knew I wouldn't be able to fight much longer and would be killed. As I looked down at the man's hand I noticed that the back of it had been cut and blood was oozing out.

At this stage God spoke to me. "The word of God is alive and active, sharper than any two-edged sword." (Hebrew 4:12). I don't know what I had been fighting with, whether knife or sword. All I could see was his cut hand.

I stood still, looked the man in the eyes and said, "The Word of God says that demons must bow the knee before Jesus." (Philippians 2:10-11) I did not speak with my mouth, only with my thoughts. He in turn answered with his mind.

"Jesus isn't here."

Again I answered with my thoughts. "Jesus may not be here, but the Word of God says, demons must bow the knee before Jesus." At that point he dropped to his knees. Then I said with my mind, "The Word of God says demons must flee before the name of Jesus." (James 4:7) At that stage he got up and ran away.

I woke up feeling that this had been more than a dream. I felt as if I had lived through every horrifying minute of the experience.

The dream taught me a few things. We did not speak actual words, but communicated by reading each other's minds. So much for people who say that satan can't read your mind! Over the years I have learnt that praying in your mind is very powerful. Yes, the Word of God should be spoken out when and where ever possible, but it is not always possible to do so. The likelihood of being dragged to a mental institution could be the result. A perfect example would be an incident my daughter and I witnessed while visiting Rome in Italy. We were just leaving the Rome railway station when we came across a group of people. A young man only dressed in shorts had produced a baton which he was using to beat up the people around him. As my daughter ran away into the opposite direction I stood my ground and said in my mind. "I bind you foul spirit of violence." Instantly the man stopped, dropped the weapon and ran away.

The power of the Word of God is also evident when I pray for people in wheel chairs. Usually I move some distance from the person, then I pray in my mind. The result is instant and amazing. The demons which in some cases have caused the infirmity cause the person to react in a strange way. The person starts to make strange noises, or turns around. There is no way the person would react, unless the demons were reacting to the words being prayed. My I do digress, back to the dream!

I also learned that I had defeated the enemy using the Word of God. Luke 10:19 helped me understand why Jesus hadn't come when I called out to Him.

"Listen! I have given you authority, so that you can walk on snakes and scorpions and overcome all the power of the Enemy, and nothing will hurt you."

Jesus wanted to teach me that there are times when I must act and if I don't, nothing will be done. God showed K. Hagin the same principle in the book, "I Believe in Visions". Yet it is not as if Jesus would leave me helpless; in that dream God clearly showed me that I must use

the Word of God to pray. Revelation 19:13 tells us that the Rider of the white horse has a name and that name is "The Word of God". This mighty revelation has totally changed my prayer life. If anybody hears me pray, they will hear the constant repetition of the words, "The Word of God says ...". Speaking the Word of God is powerful, for God's word, is "alive and active, sharper than any two-edged sword." (Hebrew 4:12).

By the power of God's Holy Spirit, Ezekiel could command a whole valley of dry bones to come together and stand up and live, then how much more should we be able to achieve through the Word - Jesus Christ and God the Holy Spirit.

In order to pray according to the Word of God, you first have to become familiar with it. Also when will God answer prayer and when won't He?

He hears us if we pray according to His will.

1John 5:14&15 says, "We have courage in God's presence, because we are sure that he hears us if we ask him for anything that is according to his will."

At this stage it is crucial to find out what God's will is. The only way to do that is to spend time with God and read the Bible.

Lambs without Tails

While speaking to a nurse working with mentally handicapped patients, I asked whether she ever prayed for them. She admitted to being a Christian, but said she was too shy to pray openly.

God, at this point reminded me that lambs are born with a tail, but for reasons, known only to the farmer, it is removed. Usually a rubber band is tightly wound around the tail; eventually due to lack of circulation, it drops off.

God caused me to explain to the nurse that if she prayed over the patients regularly, binding the cause, e.g dementia or schizophrenia, the demons would eventually drop off and the sick person would then be able to cry out to the Lord Jesus and become better.

Matthew 18:18 Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

The Well of Bitterness

I was praying for a woman who was eaten up by bitterness. I asked God how I should pray. To my amazement the following words came out of my mouth.

After my children left Egypt they came to the bitter springs of Marah. I commanded my servant Moses to throw a branch into the water to sweeten it. Ask that the BRANCH would sweeten the well of bitterness in her life. (Exodus 15:23, Zechariah 3:8, 6:12, John 15:1-5)

I used the above prayer substituting the woman's name and a wonderful transformation took place. When I visited her a few days later she told me that an amazing thing had happened. One minute, while standing at the kitchen sink, she had felt unbelievable bitterness towards her husband; the next minute she felt tremendous compassion for him. She couldn't work out what had happened. Prayer knows no distance and based on the Bible, is

powerful. Jesus is the BRANCH (Zechariah 3:8) and I thank Him so much that He sweetened the well of bitterness in this women's life.

The Wall of Fire

Zechariah 2:5 The LORD has promised that he himself will be a wall of fire around the city to protect it and that he will live there in all his glory.

Friends of mine, James and Ilse had told me on numerous occasions about demonic activity in their house during the night. Some of the events had been quite horrifying. Several times I had cast out the demonic forces. There would be peace for a few days, then the situation would be worse than ever. During prayer, just prior to Bible study at their place, God gave me a vision on how to deal with the situation. God told me to throw satan out of the house again, but then to pray that a deep trench would be dug around the house (in the spirit), and that a mighty wall of fire would surround it. I was to tell satan that if he, or his demonic forces would try to pass through this fire, they would be burned up. Praise God, from that prayer onwards, there were no more disturbances in the house.

Why Jimmy Swaggart Fell

Matthew 13:25-26. One night, when everyone was asleep, an enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat and went away.

26/ When the plants grew and the heads of grain began to form, then the weeds showed up.

When the news circulated the world that the evangelist Jimmy Swaggart had fallen, I was shocked. "Why?" I asked God. I didn't really expect an answer, certainly not immediately; however I saw a vision of a tangled mass of roots in the shape of a heart. (The principle being similar to a root-bound plant in a pot.) I saw the roots in the shape of a heart, implying that the roots from the seed, the Word of God must be so totally root bound in our heart that there will be no more soil into which satan can sow the seeds of sin.

The roots of God's word in our heart must strangle the weeds that satan tries to sow, instead of the other way around. There had been enough soil -the flesh- in J. Swaggart's life to sow the seeds of pride and lust. Instead of the roots of the Word of God strangling the weeds, the weeds grew to the point where they strangled the roots of the Word of God.

Thus in order to stop either a baby, or mature Christian from falling away, we need to pray that the weeds of sin be uprooted in that life.

The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ - a Spiritual filter.

There are many different religions in the world. Some denominations follow the teachings of God, many do not. Some churches are filled with the Holy Spirit, many are not. It is easy to become contaminated by false doctrine, or become ruled by a spirit of error and deception.

1 John 4:1 My dear friends, do not believe all who claim to have the Spirit, but test them to find out if the spirit they have comes from God. For many false prophets have gone out everywhere ...

6/ But we belong to God. Whoever knows God listens to us; whoever does not belong to God does not listen to us. This, then, is how we can tell the difference between the Spirit of truth and the spirit of error.

One night as I closed in prayer after Bible study, these words came out of my mouth.

Ask God to install into you a filter, the filter being the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, to filter out spiritual impurities.

People drift away from God without there being a reason. In fact, unknown to them, they could have become spiritually polluted.

2 Corinthians 7:1 (New International Version) Since we have these promises, dear friends, let us purify ourselves from everything that contaminates body and spirit, perfecting holiness out of reverence for God.

Hosea 4:12 (King James) My people ask counsel at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them; for the spirit of whoredoms hath caused them to err, and they have gone a whoring from under their God.

The Black Cloud Shaped like a Bird

As usual, I had gotten up early in the morning to seek God. I drew back the curtains facing the east. As I sat down again I saw, just outside the window, a large black cloud in the shape of a bird. The cloud gave me an uneasy feeling of an evil presence, so I closed the curtains. (Women are very practical.) The next morning I left the curtains closed and opened the blinds facing north. I saw exactly the same cloud again. Sitting there totally amazed the words of a song, taken from Isaiah 61:3 came to my mind.

Put on the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, lift up your voice to God, praise in the Spirit and with understanding, oh magnify the LORD.

For several weeks I had felt weary and downtrodden. All of a sudden, I realised that it was satan who had worn me out, so I rebuked him and told him to get lost in Jesus' name. Even as I was praying I saw the cloud break up, until within seconds it had totally disappeared. I felt a tremendous joy and strength return. I was able to do more housework that morning, before I left for work, than I had done in a whole week.

Rebuke the Symptoms

Many times we put up with prolonged illness simply because we don't pray in the early stages of the complaint. God showed me a vision of a mighty bird descending upon me. The vulture's claws were just able to touch me, but I immediately chased it away. Had I allowed the bird to embed its claws into my flesh, I would have had more difficulty getting rid of it.

Abraham had the same experience. Genesis 15:11 "Vultures came down on the bodies; but Abram drove them off." From experience I have learnt that if I rebuke, in the name of Jesus, the slightest bit of pain, whether it is a headache or pulled muscle, very shortly the pain and symptoms of sickness will disappear. If I think it's natural for me to have the flu, sore throat or whatever, then I'm stuck with it for many days. Jesus rebuked the fever and

immediately it left Peter's mother-in-law. We need to do the same. Do not allow the vulture of illness to settle on you and take a hold.

A dream about two worlds

I don't have many dreams where I know God is talking to me. The dream where God taught me how to pray and this one, which is about praying for non-Christians, are the only two which stick in my mind.

I was in what looked like a mangrove swamp. The thick putrid mud reached up to the knees of the people who were wallowing in it. Everything in the picture was grey. There were people in the centre of the picture, wading through the mud and climbing over and around the thick roots. People were also feeling their way along a wall. I must have been one of those groping along the wall for I found a door. Upon turning the handle and opening the door I saw beautiful green rolling hills; everything was bright and colourful. Jesus was there. I ran up to Him and He took me by the hand. As we joyfully walked up the hill I said to Jesus, "What about them back there? What are we going to do with them? I also said to Jesus, "You know some of them look like they don't want to leave that place. What are we going to do?" Jesus answered: "First bind the strongman. (Matthew 12:29) Ask God to put a desire into their hearts to want to get out of that kind of life."

Binding the strongman The strongman is he who is strong enough to rule a person's life. The devil is the strongman in people's lives, ruling them through alcohol, lust, gambling, greed, lies, unbelief and so on. So whatever stands in the way of worshipping God, needs to be bound in Jesus' name.

Matthew 12:29 "No one can break into a strong man's house and take away his belongings unless he first ties up the strong man; then he can plunder his house.

Then I asked Jesus why some Christians go back to the sordid lifestyle they escaped from? Jesus answered: "They stand too close to the door and get sucked back in again. Pray that the seed of God will grow in their life so that they will go away from that door and start to walk away with me."

Like a Delicate Flower

My daughter brought one of her friends to me for prayer. God showed me that this person was like a delicate flower and I was to make the counselling and prayer as lighthearted as possible so as not to bruise her. God also showed me that no matter how hard a motor mechanic tries he still gets covered in grease. The in-ground dirt needs to be removed by several washes. If the person tried to remove the dirt in one go, they would scrape the skin off.

As I started to pray over her, God showed me that the spirit of imagination was causing the most problems. This spirit was whipping up the imagination to such an extent; it was causing her to be physically ill.

2Corinthians 10:5 "Casting down imaginations ...".

God also showed me that lies and deception had a hold on her. Praise God once she had asked God to forgive her for these sins she was able to hand them over to God and be delivered from them.

E.S.P - Clairvoyance

Peter came to my home seeking help because of all the strange happenings due to his involvement in séances. It came to the point where only he could start a séance, when in a group of interested individuals. This was an indication as to how deeply he had become involved in the occult.

Besides cutting off the channel, which had been created through the séances, God told me to cast away from him the spirit of clairvoyance. The word vixen also came to me constantly. A vixen is a female fox, noted for its cunning. Cunning and lies were bound and cast away from him, as well as the hatred for his father. After Peter had been prayed for, the transformation was wonderful.

Since prayer, Peter has been able to hug his father and speak respectfully to him. Likewise his treatment of his mother improved tremendously. He no longer swears at her and is more loving. Several weeks later Peter admitted to no longer being cunning or deceptive.

Distorted Vision

When I moved into my new flat, I was really happy except for the bubbly film on the kitchen window. In some places it was distorting the vision. After two months of putting up with the distorted vision I finally asked the landlord to remove the film from the window.

Once clear vision had been restored, God spoke to me and told me that satan had also put a film on my eyes, which was distorting my vision. Naturally I straight away rebuked the film, but nothing happened. Gradually I realised that I couldn't see things clearly from a distance, they were blurry. After a few months of battling against this attack of satan, I finally won the victory and my eyesight once again became perfect.

Everything we want in life has to be fought for. We need to ask God to give us the strength to face each day.

Psalms 29:11 The LORD gives strength to his people and blesses them with peace.

Psalms 84:5 How happy are those whose strength comes from you ...

Isaiah 40:29 He strengthens those who are weak and tired.

31) But those who trust in the LORD for help will find their strength renewed.

The secret of our prayer life is not to sit back and expect the cherries to fall into our mouth, but to get up and work with God. Establish a relationship with God by reading the Bible and seeking His presence. Don't just ask for things, also remember to thank God for what he has done in your life. "Count your blessings name them one by one." As your walk with Jesus grows, you will realise the need to seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit more and more on a daily basis. There are those times when we need to wait upon God to act, but there are those instances when we must put the command of the Lord Jesus into practice:

Luke 10:19 Listen! I have given you authority, so that you can walk on snakes and scorpions and overcome all the power of the Enemy, and nothing will hurt you.

So if we won't get on with the job it won't get done!

Chapter 13

Cut the cords

The salty air tickles your nose; your ears feel offended by the screeches of the sea-gulls and your eyes have difficulty following the bee-hive activity of the wharf. As stately as any queen-bee, the ships are waiting to be served by an army of workers. It is preferable to let your eyes travel across the blue-green water, rather than focus on the filth that laps the bow of the massive cargo ships, which are held by huge ropes that are not easily cut. God used a friend of mine to show an interesting parallel between these ropes and our spiritual condition.

My visitor sat opposite me relating how many years previously he had nearly suffered a mental breakdown due to the pressure of circumstances around him. During this hard time, God had given him a vision about a massive ship being tied up at the wharf. The engines were working to full capacity, trying to move the ship; but as the ropes had not been untied it was unable to pull away. Eventually the engines died.

Likewise, there had been circumstances in this man's life which had held back his walk with God. No matter how hard he had tried to achieve a better relationship with God, something was holding him back. So, like the mighty engines of an ocean liner, he eventually burned out. One of the major cords or ropes, which had held him were the cords of rejection. His mother had tried to terminate the pregnancy, so rejection had come into his life from the womb onwards. Many will say, "Rubbish, how can anything affect an unborn child!" Luke 1:44, indicates differently:

"For as soon as I heard your greeting, the baby within me jumped with gladness."

The rejection felt by this man had affected his attitude to those around him, until God showed him what to do about it.

God explained that the ropes holding the ship cannot be broken. Likewise the cords or ropes holding a person back in their life cannot be broken. What can be done then in a seemingly hopeless situation? Go back to the point of contact! The cord that first attached itself to a person would have been the thickness of a spider web, or hair, but over time it grew to the thickness of rope. God said that it was easy to break a fragile web so what needed to be done was cut the matter off at the point of contact saying:

"I take the sword of the Holy Spirit and cut the cord at the point of contact. I take the ends and tie them off separately and place them under the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, never to be joined again."

Why are cords formed?

1/ Sin (wrong doing)

a) Psalms 129:4 The LORD is righteous: he hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked.

b) Proverbs 5:22 His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.

c) Isaiah 5:18 Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope:

2/ Unforgiveness

When you don't forgive people, cords of hatred, bitterness and violence are formed. The person who suffered the hurt will want revenge and very soon another criminal statistic is recorded.

I felt in my heart to ask God if there were cords holding me back in my walk with Him. No sooner had I started to pray, when scenes flashed before my eyes. I saw myself, as a little child watching my parents hit each other. Then I saw myself lying on the floor with a bleeding nose, after my father had beaten me. Next I saw myself being beaten up by my then husband. Violence had been very much a part of my life.

The mere raising of the hand would cause me to instinctively cringe. Although I had never committed a violent act, violent thoughts would constantly plague my mind. If I walked through a shop the thoughts would be, "Go on, smash it". Walking down the street I would want to lash out at somebody. One day visiting a friend I felt disturbed at the thoughts which bombarded my mind, directed at the person sitting on the floor. "Go on, step on her fingers, and squash them."

I never shared with anybody the violent thoughts which constantly plagued me, it is only by the grace of God that I didn't give in to these suggestions. I can't thank God enough that He freed me from this torment, for after praying and cutting the cords of violence, which had attached themselves to me when I was a child, I have never had violent thoughts again, even though 17 years have passed.

The cords are usually well and truly formed before people become Christians. By living a life without Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit we don't know the difference between what is of God and what isn't. Yes, we have a conscience, but a non-Christian can so easily rationalise that their actions "aren't really as bad as they seem." Little realising that the hair like cords of iniquity -sin- turn into ropes of iniquity, which, even when they become Christians are very much binding and need to be cut.

I can see people jumping up immediately saying, "Hey, wait a minute! When I asked Jesus into my heart He gave me new life." True! But **you still have to do a little housework**. As God won't impose His will upon ours, He gives us the choice whether or not we want to get rid of those things from the past which will hinder our walk with Him. Yes, **salvation is free**, but 2 Corinthians 7:1, Ephesians 4:23&24 and Colossians 3:9&10 indicate that we need to put a little effort into the relationship as well.

Many years ago a young woman came to me for prayer, because her walk with Jesus was always up and down. As I prayed, God showed her a vision. She saw Jesus standing in front of her and the devil behind her. She ran towards Jesus, but could only go so far because there was an elastic cord attached to her back. When the devil tugged at it, she went flying backwards. So instead of being closer to Jesus now that she was His child, God showed her that because the devil was still pulling the cord, there could be no going forward in the relationship.

In this case, as in many others, she had been involved in occultic practices. As has already been mentioned, it is dangerous to play around with séances, tarot readings, the horoscope, levitation etc. What people don't realise is that these activities are of the devil and by doing them you are actually serving satan. So even when you have become a Christian you must cut off past associations - or cords - with the devil. You allowed satan to come into your life, you must now throw him out. Yes, Jesus will accept you gladly as His child, but He will not share you with the devil. Therefore cut off all past dealings, especially in the above areas,

otherwise, satan, like a puppet master will pull the strings and your walk with Jesus will be unbelievably difficult, if not impossible. This is one of the reasons why baby Christians fall by the wayside and others see their Christian walk as drudgery.

A prayer I usually ask people to pray; even if I know they are Christians is as follows:

Oh LORD my God I come to you and I seek your presence. Lord Jesus I acknowledge you as my Lord, my Master and my Saviour. I ask you, Oh LORD my God to forgive me for my sins in being involved in séances, levitation, etc. (name whatever is the issue) and wash me clean with your precious blood, Lord Jesus, from these sins. Then speak firmly to satan and say: "The Lord Jesus Christ is my Lord and my Master. He has forgiven me for my association with you satan in the area (name the area) so I tell you now to get out of my life and stay out. I cut off all past and present association with you, never to be joined again.

A Christian who participates, or has participated in martial arts, needs to realise the activity is not of God and must be stopped. All forms of martial arts come out of Eastern religion, which is based on the worship of many gods - gods which in fact are demonic forces. Before participating in martial arts the person must bow down to the "master". Jesus Christ is my Master! The cords tying the person to this activity must be cut.

I had been invited to the home of a Lebanese family to teach them the Bible. Many people had arrived and the two-storey house was bursting at the seams. After we had finished people requested prayer. The men were the first to come forward. I was about to pray for the first person, when God caused me to ask if anybody had been involved in martial arts. Unbelievably every male, young and old, had at some stage in their life participated in Kung Fu. Some had even risen to black belt.

Instead of taking individuals through a prayer, renouncing Kung Fu, God instructed me to pray for them as a group. We all joined hands and the men repeated the prayer after me. They asked Jesus' forgiveness for having served satan in the form of Kung Fu. Then they told satan to get out of their life, cutting the cords that had bound them through martial arts.

Rarely have I felt such a mighty presence of God's Holy Spirit. When I finally did pray for individuals they fell backwards, without me having touched a hair of their head. Grown men were weeping, confessing their sin to God. Only God's Holy Spirit can touch a person's heart to such a degree. A man later shared with everybody, how God had shown him in a vision what had taken place when I prayed. He saw himself running towards Jesus, but could only get so far, because satan had attached a cord to his back. When I cut the cords of martial arts, he was able to run to Jesus without hindrance. He felt a tremendous joy at having been set free.

People see martial arts as a form of self-defense and exercise, they never question what the movements stand for, or what the words mean that they are required to utter in Japanese, or any other Eastern language. There are many forms of exercise, without getting involved in Eastern religion.

It is relevant at this point to mention two other instances where I have had to deal with martial arts. During an outing with a friend one afternoon, God, out of the blue gave me a vision about my friends' husband. I saw him as a little blond haired boy in the school playground being teased by a group of bullies. Later at their home I was able to share that revelation with the husband.

He agreed with what I had told him and added that it was for this very reason that he had taken up martial arts, being a shy and timid child. When I prayed for him later on the spirits of timidity and shyness went immediately. However when I tried to pray about the spirits of martial arts I felt as if a wall had come between us. Upon opening my eyes I saw large saucer like eyes staring at me. The look in them sent a cold shiver down my spine.

Naturally I straightaway asked God what had gone wrong. The answer was simple, the spirits of timidity and shyness had come into his life uninvited, therefore I had the authority to drive them out. In the case of martial arts he had asked these spirits into his life, by the activities he had been involved in and therefore he needed to tell them to go. I could pray for the next twenty years and nothing would happen, because these spirits had a legal ground to be in his life. Once he told them to go they did so very quickly.

In the other case I had been visiting a friend in Queensland. She had invited Jesus into her life, but the husband hadn't. On my first night at their place he excused himself stating that he had to attend martial arts classes where he was the assistant to the instructor. Just after he left I said to my friend, "I'm going to prove to you that people involved in martial arts get their power from demonic sources." Then I prayed and bound the demon that gave Ian his skills.

When he came home later that night I asked him how his evening had been. He was very perplexed as to why he had not been able to function normally. As a matter of fact the instructor had said to him, "What's wrong, have you got two left feet tonight?"

Later on that week I witnessed to him about Jesus. He could not ask Jesus into his heart. Instead his appearance changed and he became violent wanting to throw the huge diningroom table at me. Also out of his mouth came the words that he belonged to the devil, who had his name written in his book.

After much prayer Ian finally asked Jesus into his life. At the end of it all he shared how there had been a mighty battle going on. He had seen two Samurai fighting, one dressed in white and one dressed in black. At first the black Samurai was winning, but as I prayed the white Samurai gained the upper hand. In the end the black Samurai lay defeated on the ground and it was then that he had been able to accept Jesus into his life. Martial art quite obviously has a strong hold on a person's life and the cords need to be cut.

An unpleasant experience dealing with the cutting of cords involved a young woman, who had been brought to my home. As soon as I started talking to her, the word Jezebel came to my mind. Queen Jezebel is recorded in the Old Testament as being the most evil woman of her time and lacking in morality.

After about an hour of working through her problems and jotting down possible areas needing prayer, the name Jezebel still came to my mind. Finally I plugged up enough courage and told her what was on my mind. To my amazement she agreed. Apparently the problem had come down from her mother and the cords had to be cut between the two.

I try not to be so smart anymore. Everything went fine until I said, "I take the sword of the Holy Spirit and cut the cords of Jezebel between mother and daughter; tie them off separately and put them under the blood of the Lord Jesus, never to be joined." The ear piercing scream that came out of her mouth was bad enough; the somersault, backwards into my prize fern, unexpected! Then she came at me on all fours. A lion would have seemed tame

in comparison, as she sprang at me. I must confess this was one occasion when my knees weakened. Nonetheless, I just stood there holding the Bible, quoting the Word of God.

The 'simple' prayer session turned into an almost all night session. My visitors had come at 7 in the evening. By 10 o'clock that night I decided that prayer back up was necessary. So I bundled everybody into the car and headed for my Lebanese friends home, the Harbs. Just as well they only lived a few streets away and didn't mind getting visitors that late in the night. I thank God for their faithfulness to His cause, for with combined prayer; she was finally set free at 1 a.m. that morning.

The more I have learnt about this topic, the more I am convinced that satan is the puppet master and God's creation the puppets. Whenever I see a rap dancer I can't help but feel that I am looking at a robot or puppet. The movements are jerky and emotionless. A puppet bears great similarity, having no life, emotions or a mind to control the actions. In my heart I always felt that rap dancing was not of God. I had no proof to back up my suspicions until I watched a program on Hindu rituals. The dancer, performing the religious rituals in the temple used exactly the same movements as a rap dancer. Here was the proof and my instinct had been correct. I thank the Holy Spirit for guiding me in the right direction.

If you mean business with God ask Him if there are cords in your life that need to be cut.
WHO PULLS THE STRINGS IN YOUR LIFE??

Counting the Cost

My Jewish friends had decided to sell up and return to Israel. They offered me their new 25 inch coloured television, for half of what they had paid - \$500. The offer was very tempting, exchanging a 12 inch black and white T.V for such luxury.

As I sat on the side of my bed I took out my bank book and thought about my financial situation. At that time I was only employed on a part-time basis, at the local T.A.F.E college. That income, plus the part-pension, didn't make for a healthy bank account. As it turned out I only had about \$800 in the bank. While looking at the grand figure of \$800, God spoke to me and said, "Would you give \$500 to the church building fund?"

In 1983, \$500 was an awful lot of money, especially for me. My immediate thoughts were one of horror.

"What, \$500 to the church building fund?"

Immediately God responded, "What have I given you? Did I count the cost?"

"Yes, that's right God, you have given me a job, a comfortable home, three lively children."

God broke into my thoughts. "I gave you my life."

That last point finished the discussion. What else could I say!

The following week, God spoke to me again on the matter. An unexpected guest came. I mentioned the issue to her and straightaway the reply was, "My dear, everything you have comes from God, what you do with His money is your affair." Her answer convinced me not to buy the T.V. By the same token it hadn't convinced me to give \$500 to the church building fund. I thought the matter had ended there, not so with God.

Two days later friends came for a visit. In passing, it was mentioned that they were going to have the telephone connected.

My response to that was, "Isn't that going to be expensive?"

Her reply came hesitantly, "Well, I suppose we don't really need it."

I realised then that too often I had spent God's money carelessly, without taking into consideration that it costs money to run a church, or send out missionaries.

Finally God had gotten through to me. Where money is concerned, I'm a slow learner. Having struggled on the pension as a sole parent with three children had taught me to manage my money. I guess the line has to be drawn between being careful with your money, or greedy.

As it hurt me too much to get the money out of my account in one go, I decided to ease the pain and take the money out in two lots. Two hundred dollars were grudgingly dropped into the collection bag. Finally the next Sunday I made the next big sacrifice and dropped in the next amount. Just for good measure I decided to be generous and drop in an extra \$20. God must have had a good laugh at my expense. I have to smile at myself, when I look back on the situation.

God knew how I would react to the whole situation before He even allowed it to happen. I, however, had to find out what I valued more in life; a colour television, or \$500 in the bank, or listening to God's voice.

Through the situation God blessed me tremendously. He didn't need my money; all He wanted was my obedience and love. Within days I was offered extra hours of work, taking the place of a teacher who was going on leave for three weeks. The extra hours netted \$900. Repairs needed to be done on the car. The company under-quoted the repairs saving me nearly \$200. Through a friend, I had all the brakes on the car fixed free of charge, saving me another considerable amount of money.

All in all God gave me back three or four times what I had given Him. It is good to count the cost, because only then do we realise how much God has given us and how little we give Him.

Chapter 15

The Heart Condition

The old Roman road from Jerusalem to Jericho divides the rolling hills, home of the Bedouins, then climbs higher and higher, till the traveller sees a vast expanse of mountain ranges on the horizon. As you glance down into the gorge the layers of cream and brown rock give an indication as to how ancient the area is.

The only sign that there is life in these gorges is a monastery clinging to the mountain side. The blue roof and white walls contrast sharply with the beige rock surrounding it. As Jesus travelled along the only road connecting Jerusalem and Jericho, there must have been a hive of activity. That life, except for the tourist buses, which stop briefly, has drained away.

The human heart has much in common with these stony regions, for in many a Christian heart, the life blood has run out - if ever so gradually, only to leave rocky, barren unproductive lives. How true are the words of the prophet Jeremiah 4:18.

Judah, you have brought this on yourself by the way you have lived and by the things you have done. Your sin has caused this suffering; it has stabbed you through the heart.

Sadly the life blood drained out of two close friends of mine. Pride took over and they began to think they knew it all, especially when it came to the doctrine of Melchizedek. There are those who believe that Jesus was Melchizedek. This belief is utter blasphemy and an insult to Jesus. People base their views on Hebrew 7:2&3. What they fail to see is that there is a record of Jesus' parents - God the Father and Mary the mother. There is also a definite record of Jesus' birth and death. Melchizedek is referred to as being, "like the Son of God". Jesus Christ is the Son of God!

To say Jesus lived as Melchizedek would involve reincarnation - Hinduism, and instead of coming the second time, He would be coming the third time. First in the body of Melchizedek; then as the baby Jesus, then as the victorious Lord coming to claim His own. Hebrews 7:26-27 clearly reveals who Jesus is:

26/ Jesus, then, is the High Priest that meets our needs. He is holy; he has no fault or sin in him; he has been set apart from sinners and raised above the heavens.

27/ He is not like other high priests; he does not need to offer sacrifices every day for his own sins first and then for the sins of the people. He offered one sacrifice, once and for all, when he offered himself.

To say that Jesus was Melchizedek insults Him, because Melchizedek would have had to offer sacrifices for his sins. Jesus is and always has been sinless.

I tried to tell my friends that their belief was wrong. Arrogantly they told me that they had heard some evangelist preach it on television and as he would know more than I did, he

was right and I was wrong. (Be careful what you listen to on television, there are many cults who broadcast so-called Christian programs). God gave me the following prayer for them.

Ask God to open their eyes to the truth about Melchizedek and that God give them insight and knowledge to the wrong they are doing. Rebuke the blindfold satan has put on their eyes and the puncture in the heart allowing the blood and love of the Lord Jesus to flow out. Ask God to heal the puncture and allow them once more to become whole Christians like the Lord Jesus Christ.

Gradually I could see religion replacing their simple faith in Jesus. I have not seen them for many years, but I hope they realised their mistake and renewed their friendship with Jesus.

At Calvary the blood drained out of Jesus' body and He died giving His life for us. Some people only remember that fact at Easter. The rest of the year Jesus is forgotten. A good friend of mine actually placed a price on the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

While visiting Val one day, I found her to be very angry. When asked the reason for her anger she replied. "Roland has been to the Stanwell Tops nudist beach again." The words she spoke were full of jealousy.

I pointed out to my friend that she was jealous. She thought about what I had said and then tried to defend his actions. "Oh well, he doesn't do anything, he just goes up there for a look. Nonetheless, I don't like it."

Later on in the visit I commented on the repulsive Buddha she had sitting on the lounge-room table. Annoyed, Val replied that she had no intention of throwing the Buddha out; as it had been a birthday present from Roland, costing \$65. "Besides", she added, "I don't pray to it, I just look at it." At that point God spoke to me. "I am a jealous God and I don't tolerate any rivals." (Exodus 20:5). Is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ only worth \$65?

Even though Val only looked at the Buddha, God didn't like it, as He is a jealous God. Val was also jealous simply because her husband looked at naked women at the nudist beach. Previously Val had claimed to be a Christian; in fact she was only religious putting a price on the precious blood of Jesus.

In order for jealousy to occur, there has to be love first. As we cannot even imagine the love God has for us, since He sent His Son to die for us, how can we understand the jealousy God feels towards His creation, when they so openly reject Him?

God allowed me to feel, how at times we grieve Him. My oldest daughter during her teenage years had often grieved me. One night as I was sitting in bed crying over her hurtful behaviour, **God spoke to me. "But you still love her, don't you? It's like that with me too, many times my children hurt me, but I still love them."**

How should we love God?

Tell the people to ask Me to pour My love into their hearts, so that they can love Me the way I want them to love Me. Without My love in their hearts, to help them love Me, they will not be able to love Me as I want them to.

God revealed the above to me, while having Bible study one night.

Chapter 16

Lorraine

The God that I have come to know; through the Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, is interested in every person. Sadly, many are not interested in getting to know Almighty God. He might cramp their style - or even prick their conscience. So for many people it is better to ignore God altogether, or follow a religious ritual on Sunday morning, seen as a 'ticket to heaven.

My friend Lorraine only knew Catholicism. Fulfilling the required rituals wasn't too much of a burden; unfortunately those rituals had never introduced her to Jesus. I wondered why Lorraine hadn't responded to my sharing the Word of God with her. One day God showed me. He said: "There is a thick curtain between Lorraine and myself -that curtain being Catholicism." When I told my friend the spirit of religion spoke through her mouth. "I was born a Catholic and I'll always be a Catholic." Did the Catholic church or any denomination die on the cross? Jesus died on the cross for our sins, not a church!

For all her stubbornness, lasting ten years, Jesus finally set her free. Two years after the statement of being a devoted Catholic, Lorraine realised, through reading the Bible, that the belief she had been brought up on contained many errors. I suggested that she should seek God in prayer, handing over to Him all wrong doctrine. She did as I suggested, but there was no change.

Some weeks later Lorraine, her husband and I sat down and decided to ask God what the problem was. After we had finished praying Lorraine shared the following: "As soon as you finished praying, a voice inside me said, 'You don't really believe everything she tells you'." UNBELIEF! Lorraine also confessed to fighting the urge to pray to Mary. The act of praying to Mary, or the saints is displeasing to God and sorely grieves Him. God wants us to seek His presence through the Lord Jesus Christ, for He is the only access we have to God.

1 Timothy 2:5 For there is one God, and there is one who brings God and human beings together, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself to redeem the whole human race.

Mary is to be respected, Jesus is to be worshipped! Jesus clearly indicates his feelings on the matter when a woman in the crowd tries to glorify Mary.

Luke 11:27 ... "How happy is the woman who bore you and nursed you!"
28) But Jesus answered, "Rather, how happy are those who hear the word of God and obey it!"

Matthew 12:48 Jesus answered, "Who is my mother? Who are my brothers?"

49) Then he pointed to his disciples and said, "Look! Here are my mother and my brothers! 50) Whoever does what my Father in heaven wants is my brother, my sister and my mother."

Wow, I do digress, back to Lorraine! Besides praying to Mary, she found herself reciting set religious prayers, such as the rosary. After a prayer, which centred around renouncing all association with the Catholic church, as well as cutting the ties that bound her to Mary and the compulsion to say set prayers, Lorraine felt totally free.

During prayer Lorraine had seen a bright light; although her eyes had been closed. Also she felt iron shackles fall from her wrists. Most amazingly the spirit of Mary worship fell from her waist.

Lorraine and I have been good friends for over fourteen years. The fact that she called herself Catholic never worried me. Believing in wrong doctrine and therefore never knowing the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ did worry me. I know there will be those who, having read Lorraine's story will scream, "Catholic basher". No! If I take guests down the back stairs, but don't tell them one of the steps is broken, I could be the cause of their death. Through reading the Bible I have learnt the truth. I encourage all Catholics who want a closer relationship with God to do likewise. Especially in the case of my mother who joined the Catholic Church, I know full well that if she doesn't make Jesus Christ the Lord and Master of her life, instead of the church, she will not go to heaven.

Chapter 17

Dracula - Fact or Fiction?

The conversation between Theresa and myself went as follows:

"But I'm a Drago." Theresa exclaimed!

"So what?" I couldn't see what she was talking about.

"Don't you understand what Dragonism is?"

"No!"

There was a look of amazement on her face. "Surely you've heard about Dracula?"

"Yes, but that's fiction."

"No not entirely, eighty percent is based on historical evidence; you can read about it in any encyclopedia. Bram Stoker used a historical figure, Vlad the Impaler, a ruler of Wallachia, as a basis for his story, Dracula."

I learnt that Vlad was born around 1430, in Transylvania, second son of Vlad Dracul. Sigismund, the Holy Roman Emperor, had bestowed the "Order of the Dragon", upon Vlad's father, little realising that 550 years later people would form a social group called the "Dracula Society". The Romanian word for "Dragon" is "Dracul". Vlad ruled his subjects sadistically, often impaling those who displeased him. Thousands died by this method earning him the name Vlad Tepes - Vlad the Impaler.

The story became even more bizarre as she continued. "We are direct descendants of Vlad the Impaler and have always worshipped satan. The first born is always named Vlad."

This information came as a shock. In my sheltered little world I had never come across somebody from a long line of devil worshippers. I had met James and Theresa for the first time, earlier that evening. They were visitors of Darcell's, a lady to whom I was teaching the Bible. As the couple knew the plans for the evening they had intended to leave as soon as I arrived. Just as well for them they decided to have another cup of tea before departing. While sipping their tea, one question led to another. God by His Holy Spirit enabled me to give an answer, from the Bible, to every one of their questions.

At one stage in the conversation God revealed to me what satan was saying to Theresa. When I voiced her thoughts she turned pale and could only stutter, "How did you know?" I pointed out to her that I know nothing and can do nothing, without the help of the Holy Spirit. I spoke out the following:

"Satan just said to you that you had done too many bad things in your life and that God therefore wouldn't accept you." Satan is a liar. The Bible says:

1 John 1:9 "But if we confess our sins to God, he will keep his promise and do what is right, he will forgive us our sins and purify us from all our wrongdoing."

The time flew quickly and before we all knew it 7:30 p.m. had turned into 10:30 p.m. At this point James asked if God could restore Theresa's sight. She had been beaten savagely around the head by a former boyfriend, the result being that she had lost the sight of her left eye. The incident had happened about six months earlier.

I explained to all present that; yes, Jesus could heal her, for He is the great physician, but He needed the opportunity to do so. If you are sick in bed and ring the doctor you need to open the door, in order to be treated. You can hardly expect the doctor to diagnose the problem through a closed door. The same principle applies to Jesus. I suggested to Theresa that if she wanted Jesus to restore her sight, she really needed to follow the recommendations of Revelation 3:20.

"Listen! I stand at the door and knock; if any hear my voice and open the door, I will come into their house and eat with them. ..."

As Theresa and I knelt on the floor, I led her through a simple prayer whereby she asked Jesus Christ into her heart. Halfway through the prayer I felt as if a wall had slid between us.

"What happened when you asked Jesus into your heart?"

"I saw my father's angry face."

Thus the question "Why should your father be angry?" and the response, "But I'm a Drago".

After that little discussion, Theresa rose from the floor and sat on the lounge next to James. Throughout the evening, James had expressed anti-God sentiments. It is sad that people confuse religious denominations with the person of God. James firmly expressed his view that, "Unless I see it I don't believe it!"

Theresa complained of feeling sick, so Darcell made a cup of tea for all of us. Once Theresa had finished drinking her tea I offered to pray for her. Not having met the woman before I was amazed what came out of my mouth. "No longer will satan kick you around like a ball. No longer will you try to commit suicide." Up shot her arm showing the scars where she had cut herself. The words that next came out of my mouth even surprised me. "I rebuke you foul spirit of rebellion." Her immediate reaction shocked the others more than it did me, for her hands closed firmly around my throat. Instinctively I prayed in the heavenly language God has given me and removed her hands. God next instructed me to cast the spirit of stubbornness from her. As I finished praying, she fainted onto James' lap.

James looked very shaken by what he had seen. Why is it that people only believe in God when they see something out of the ordinary? God's glory can be seen daily; just walking past a rose bush, or seeing a pelican in flight. You only have to watch the news on T.V. or read the daily newspaper, to see satan at work: murder, rape, robbery etc. Seeing his girlfriend act this way was a shock to James.

Darcell suggested that under the circumstances Theresa should be baptised immediately. Within minutes the bath tub was filled. I was just about to baptise Theresa when God spoke to me. "Why don't you pray for her healing?" I said the simplest prayer asking God to heal every part of her body which wasn't functioning properly. Then I baptised her in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Having handed her a towel, we all left the bathroom.

Moments later we heard a scream and the words, "Quickly, come quickly!"

"Oh no, what now?" I thought.

As we entered the bedroom we were confronted by Theresa with one hand over her good eye and counting her fingers with the eye that had been blind. The joy that filled our hearts was overwhelming. God had restored Theresa's sight and hearing. Praise your holy name Lord Jesus.

James had really seen God's mighty power at work that evening; more was to come. James' foot was bandaged due to a motor bike accident. He had run into a brick wall, breaking the bridge of his foot. God, this time showed me James' thoughts. "I can't use God, going to him just to heal my foot."

When I spoke out those words James became embarrassed. Without hesitation I placed my hands on his foot and prayed for healing. Immediately he unwrapped the bandages and walked around the room with only the slightest touch of pain. By this time James was well and truly ready to acknowledge the mighty power of God. He also accepted Jesus and was soon afterwards baptised.

You might ask, "Why did you pray for the healing of James' foot without getting him to accept Jesus first, the way you did with Theresa?" The only answer I have is that I don't know. Every person God deals with is an individual, therefore they need individual treatment. So every person God sends me is dealt with according to the prompting of the Holy Spirit.

By 2:30 a.m. that morning I was ready to leave. As I was about to walk out the door I casually asked who the walking stick belonged to. Theresa answered. "Oh that's mine, I had back problems, but I don't have any more pain since I've been baptised."

Dedicated to satan as a Baby

Sunday was a great day to rest, but also to reflect on the mighty work God had done in Theresa's life. Monday morning wasn't so crash hot, considering I was terribly dizzy and could hardly get out of bed. All day I had to lie down, feeling as if I was on a merry-go-round that was going too fast.

That night my blissful sleep was rudely interrupted by the ringing of the phone. I made no attempt to get out of bed, so it was left for my daughter to do so. "Mum, mum, James is on the phone. Theresa is in a bad way." Those words were enough to get me out of bed immediately. The plea on the other end of the phone was, "Can you come quickly? Theresa's father was just here and she is in a bad way."

When I walked into the bedroom I found Theresa sitting in bed. Her body was there, but she seemed to be in a daze, as if her spirit had left her. After prayer she came back to her senses.

"What's wrong?"

"My father was just here, standing at the foot of the bed. He was very angry with me and said that with satan I could have all the pleasures in life that I wanted. I could drink and sleep around as much as I liked. I was to turn away from Jesus, so that with satan I could enjoy all the pleasures of the world. All of a sudden, God by His Holy Spirit spoke through my mouth and said, 'Yes, but Jesus loves me'. At that point my father disappeared."

My next question asked the obvious, "How could your father be at the foot of your bed, when he is supposed to be in Romania?" Astral travel! Whether it had been a demon impersonating her father, or whether it was the spirit form of her father, I don't know. What I

did know was that satan could pop in and out of Theresa's life as it suited him. He certainly had the power. Saturday night Theresa had accepted Jesus into her heart, on Sunday morning her father had rung her brother, trying to find out what had happened to his daughter. How could a man in Europe, know what was happening halfway around the world, in Australia?

I suggested that the three of us should pray, asking God's guidance as to why satan could pop in and out of Theresa's life. After a few moments of prayer we compared notes. I asked Theresa first. Her response was negative. While she was talking, she was busily scratching her chest.

"What's wrong? Why are you scratching yourself?"

"The scar under my breast is itchy."

"Well that's interesting. What about you James?"

"I saw this grotesque monster come out of the pit of hell; it had four legs. The fourth leg wasn't quite out. This creature looked absolutely horrible."

My turn came next. "In my mind I saw a small room. The walls were made out of sandstone blocks, the way you see them in a castle. The one thick stone leg, was about waist high. There was a narrow slab of sandstone that acted as a table top."

Theresa became excited at this revelation. She told us how she had grown up in a castle and remembered many instances where buses from the Dracula Society would arrive at the front door. Cameras had clicked wildly, much to the annoyance of her father. According to Theresa, she and her seven brothers and sisters were never smacked, except for one occasion, when their father discovered them outside the very room God had shown me.

A terrible thought struck me. "You don't suppose your father dedicated his children to the devil in that room, do you?"

"I don't know. But what I do know is that all my brothers and sisters have a scar on their chest, near the heart line. As a matter of fact, I remember when my mother, who is dead now, was pregnant with the eighth child she argued bitterly with my father saying, 'I won't let you do it to this baby'."

Whatever, "doing it" meant, happened when the baby was two weeks old. The gruesome jigsaw puzzle began to form. Christians dedicate their children to God, asking Him to look after the child. The Bible speaks of guardian angels.

Matthew 18:10 "See that you don't despise any of these little ones. Their angels in heaven, I tell you, are always in the presence of my Father in heaven."

In Theresa's case, a demonic force had been put inside her: the grotesque monster James had seen in his mind. I was speechless!

This whole situation seemed too big for me. After discussing the ins and outs of Dragonism with Theresa, I decided to make some further research at the library, before I would pray. Before leaving I decided to use their facilities. As I entered the bathroom God spoke to me.

"You, with your authority have the power to command that demon, in Jesus' name, to name itself, so that you can cast it out." Just as well God always comes up with good ideas!

As I started to pray for Theresa, commanding the demon to name itself, there was an immediate reaction. For about twenty minutes I spoke the Word of God at her writhing body, until the name Malachi came out of her mouth. After that she sank onto the pillows almost unconscious. When she came to, we all rejoiced, praising God for her deliverance.

"Can I have a drink please?" Theresa requested.

"Make that an extra one for me." I called after James as he left the room. While James was in the kitchen God spoke to me again. "You have been deceived; satan gave you a false name. Theresa has not been delivered."

Calmly I sipped the cordial, then I revealed to them what God had shown me. Boy was I getting mad. How dare satan try to trick me! I am a child of God; a servant of the most High God and here I was being deprived of my beauty sleep! Where does satan think he gets off! To say I was angry was putting it mildly.

I whirled around and in no uncertain terms rebuked the lying spirit in her. Next I commanded the guardian spirit in her to name itself. Well, the party really livened up after that! Theresa became like a wild animal; clawing the wall and throwing herself around. James who is twice her size, couldn't restrain her. A simple command in Jesus' name had the spirit of violence under control.

Then it was tooth and nail so to speak. Between speaking the Word of God, I was also pleading with Theresa to cry out to Jesus. At this stage a man's voice spoke out of her mouth. "I have dedicated all my children to Lucifer." So I had been guided in the right direction after all, not that I doubted God.

As Theresa called upon Jesus, I spoke the Word of God, and the demon finally named itself - a Slavic sounding name. I asked God to wipe that name from my mind and I can't remember it. Again Theresa collapsed and God told me to quickly cast the spirit of E.S.P (extra sensory perception) out of her. Now I understood why her father had been able to contact her whenever it suited him. E.S.P is most definitely not of God; it is evil, as the Bible clearly shows.

Acts 16:16-18 One day as we were going to the place of prayer, we were met by a young servant woman who had an evil spirit that enabled her to predict the future. She earned a lot of money for her owners by telling fortunes.

17/ She followed Paul and us shouting, "These men are servants of the Most High God! They announce to you how you can be saved!"

18/ She did this for many days, until Paul became so upset that he turned round and said to the spirit, "In the name of Jesus Christ I order you to come out of her!" The spirit went out of her that very moment.

This time Theresa had been delivered, praise God. She sat up in bed and said, "Have you ever had any part or your body in plaster? I feel as if my whole body was in a plaster cast; but now I am free - what a wonderful feeling!"

I questioned God why I always had to go on my own. The reply came immediately. "God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son and the Holy Spirit go with you. Besides you have your own army of angels - what are you complaining about?"

"You've got a point there God, sorry for complaining."

Well this certainly had been an interesting night. As usual God by his Holy Spirit had guided and protected me every step of the way. By 4 a.m. I was finally on my way home. Over the years I have lost touch with the couple, but I pray even now that God would keep His hand on them.

Chapter 18

"If you love me ..."

Jesus said, "If you love me, you will obey my commandments."
John 14:15

My heart grieves when I hear people, including ministers of all denominations, calling themselves Christians, but point blank refuse to obey the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus said to those who believed in him, "If you obey my teaching, you are really my disciples; you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free." John 8:31-32.

Sadly people, love the approval of men, rather than the approval of God, and follow the traditions of men, instead of the commandments of God. Matthew 15:8-9

Infant baptism

1/ A matter of salvation

Mark 16:16 Whoever **believes and is baptized will be saved**; whoever does not believe will be condemned.

2/ Becoming a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ

Matthew 28:19 Go, then, to all peoples everywhere and make them my disciples: baptize them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
20/ and teach them to obey everything I have commanded you. And I will be with you always, to the end of the age."

There are 3 steps before an adult can be baptised:

a] Mark 16:15 He said to them, "Go throughout the whole world and **preach the gospel to all people**.

They have had to have **heard the message** about the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, being the one and only Saviour.

b] They have to **believe** what they heard. Mark 16:16

c] Then **after CONFESSING their sins to the Lord Jesus privately, or in their mind** [not the person baptising them] they are baptised. Mark 1:5

INFANTS don't believe in anything, nor can they do any of the above, especially confessing their sins, as they don't have any!

There are those 'Christians' who, when asked, if they have followed the Lord Jesus through the waters of baptism reply, "Oh yes, when I was a baby."

When I tell them that infant baptism is wrong **they argue**, "But that is what my church does and has been doing for a long time."

Ignored are the commands of the Lord Jesus Christ; instead too many '*Christians*' are happy to **obey the teachings of their church**, and refuse to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ!

From the doctrine of infant baptism arises the erroneous belief that because a person was baptised as an infant they are saved. WRONG! Sprinkling a baby with a few drops of water is WRONG! The Lord Jesus demonstrated how we are to be baptised. Mark 1:9-11

The Lord Jesus **blessed** the little children; He didn't baptise them. Matthew 19:13 What parents should do is **dedicate** their children to Almighty God, that is, simply hand them over to God's protection, **in or out of a church**.

Romans 6:4 clearly explains why we need to be totally immersed. By our baptism, then, we were **buried** with Him and shared His death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from death by the glorious power of the Father, so also **we might live a new life**.

If you are doing your own thing refusing to be baptised as an adult; you are NOT obeying Jesus Christ's commands and therefore are not of Him. The same applies to any church leader NOT baptising an adult, or baptising them only in the name of Jesus. Why is it so hard to obey the commands of Jesus Christ if we say that we love Him?

Jesus **blessed** the little children, He didn't baptise them. (Matthew 19:13) As for the teaching of the Presbyterian church, on infant covenant baptism, that doctrine is not mentioned anywhere in the Bible. No doubt a Presbyterian reading this comment will become indignant and reach for the nearest Bible commentary, when they should humble themselves and seek God on the matter. Having said that, I am ashamed to have to admit that all my three children were baptised as infants. This was in the days when I didn't read the Bible and had no knowledge of what God required. What I should have done was **dedicate** the children to God by simply having a minister pray for them.

From the doctrine of infant baptism arises the erroneous belief that because a person was baptised as an infant they are saved. Jesus at the age of 30 demonstrated how we are to be baptised.

Mark 1: 9) Not long afterwards Jesus came from Nazareth in the province of Galilee, and was baptised by John in the Jordan.

10) As soon as Jesus came up out of the water, he saw heaven opening and the Spirit coming down on him like a dove.

11) And a voice came from heaven, "You are my own dear Son. I am pleased with you."

God is pleased with us when we follow His commandments. Romans 6:4 clearly explains why we need to be totally immersed. By our baptism, then, we were buried with Him and shared His death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from death by the glorious power of the Father, so also we might live a new life.

A baby doesn't have a sinful life. Nor can a baby speak for itself, making a conscious decision to follow Jesus through the waters of baptism. The godparents have to speak for the child and very often the promise they make of bringing up the child in a godly way is never kept. When a marriage takes place, and the preacher asks the bride and groom if they will accept the other as their wedded spouse, nobody else can answer for them. Likewise only the person being baptised can say whether or not they want to follow Jesus through the waters of baptism.

There is more to baptism than just rising to a new life. Often after reading Mark 5:1-22, I would wonder why Jesus allowed the evil spirits to go into the pigs, which rushed down the hill into the lake and were killed. What a waste of pigs, because as far as I know you can kill flesh and blood, but you can't kill a spirit. God explained the matter to me.

By being, "buried in baptism with Jesus", the old life is symbolically buried and locked under the water. In the same way the lake became a prison for the spirits in the pigs. They were symbolically trapped, even if the lake dried up. That revelation was absolutely fantastic because I couldn't imagine God wasting 2,000 pigs, for no good reason.

I decided to put that revelation into practice. While baptising a woman and her older daughter the nine year old son also wanted to be baptised. I don't like baptising children, unless the child has an understanding of what is going on, besides a sincere wish to follow Jesus through the waters of baptism. The boy fitted both criteria. As the child was suffering from asthma, I commanded the asthma to stay under the water. I also explained to the boy that, should the symptoms come back at a later date he was to say, "Asthma you have been locked under the water and can't affect me anymore." Four weeks later his faith was tested as he felt an attack coming on. Immediately he repeated the words I had told him and felt better instantly. Praise God!

Disease, sin and sickness, evil spirits and in the case of Theresa, blindness and partial deafness have been left under the water. Take the case of Rhea. Minor spirits had left without any trouble, the ruling demon however, refused to leave. God instructed me to baptise the person. Before she went under the water I was to pray and command the demon to be locked under the water. As the water would ultimately end up in the sewers I commanded the demon to be trapped in the sewers until its time came up to be cast into hell. As Rhea came up out of the water she felt as if something peeled off her. At the same time she heard the demon screaming, "not the sewers, not the sewers".

We limit God and make our life miserable by not obeying the commands of the Lord Jesus Christ. Stubbornness, pride and rebellion are powerful forces which keep us from God's saving grace.

Why is it so hard to obey the commands of Jesus Christ if we say that we love Him? Jesus said to His disciples:

Matthew 28:18-20: Jesus drew near and said to them, "I have been given all authority in heaven and on earth. Go, then, to all peoples everywhere and make them my disciples: baptise them in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey everything I have commanded you. And I will be with you always, to the end of the age.

If you are doing your own thing not baptising an adult, or baptising them only in the name of Jesus, you are not obeying Jesus' commands and therefore are not of Him. I don't care that Peter baptised people in the name of Jesus (Acts 2:38). I follow the instructions of Jesus not Peter. Peter denied Jesus three times, maybe it was out of a sense of guilt that Peter baptised in the name of Jesus. However, Peter is clearly disobeying Jesus Christ when he baptises only in the name of Jesus, because according to Matthew 28:19 the disciples had been instructed by the Lord Jesus to baptise in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. The name of the Father is Jehovah and the name of the Son is Jesus Christ. The reason Jesus Christ gave those instructions was because He would never lift Himself above the Father and the Holy Spirit.

Baptism of the Holy Spirit

Jesus gave the following order:

Acts 1:4 And when they came together, he gave them this order: "Do not leave Jerusalem, but wait for the gift I told you about, the gift my Father promised.

5) John baptised with water, but in a few days you will be baptised with the Holy Spirit."

Yes, there is one water baptism - as an adult, but Jesus also speaks of baptism by the Holy Spirit. Why?

Acts 1:8 "But when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, you will be filled with power, and you will be witnesses for me in Jerusalem, in all of Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth."

If we are to live the kind of life God wants us to live we need the power of the Holy Spirit. Zechariah 4:6: Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, says the LORD of hosts.

Where is the power of Jesus Christ, through His Holy Spirit, in the majority of the churches today? Instead of healing, deliverance and miracles, dead works seem to be the order of the day. There are those churches which teach that you don't need to ask for the infilling or baptism of the Holy Spirit. The belief is that when you ask Jesus Christ into your life, the Holy Spirit, being part of the Trinity, will automatically come into your life too.

Wrong!

Acts 19:1 While Apollos was at Corinth, Paul took the road through the interior and arrived at Ephesus. There he found some disciples

2) and asked them, "Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you believed?

They answered, "No, we have not even heard that there is a Holy Spirit."

6) When Paul placed his hands on them, the Holy Spirit came on them, and they spoke in tongues and prophesied. (New International Version)

So much for the doctrine that the Holy Spirit automatically comes into the life of a believer! These people were referred to as disciples, so they must have been actively working for Jesus

Christ, yet they didn't have the Holy Spirit. The same thing happened in Samaria with the believers.

Acts 8:14) When the apostles in Jerusalem heard that Samaria had accepted the word of God, they sent Peter and John to them. 15) When they arrived, they prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit, 16) because the Holy Spirit had not yet come upon any of them; (NIV)

The Holy Spirit is a gentleman and will not go anywhere unless invited. Satan might gate-crash your life, but not God. If you carry food in a lunch box, it won't give you strength until you actually eat it. Once the food is inside your stomach you will feel refreshed. Horror movies portray people as possessed with evil spirits, how much more should we ask to be filled with the precious Holy Spirit!

Luke 11:13 As bad as you are, you know how to give good things to your children. How much more, then, will the Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!?"

So if you do not ask to be filled with the Holy Spirit, your life will lead nowhere, except a religious merry-go-round.

I am speaking from experience having grown up in traditional churches. I was always taught that the Pentecostals and Charismatics are a bunch of loonies. Yes, I do believe there are those who go overboard. I do not believe it is of God for people to be rolling around the floor, laughing uncontrollably. Nor do I believe you have to go to Toronto to receive God's Holy Spirit. God can be found in the stillness of your bedroom, or while driving the car to work. I do know however that my life changed dramatically once I submitted to God's will. If you have never been baptised by full immersion, as an adult, or have prayed according to Luke 11:13, then you need to analyse your walk with God. You cannot be a disciple of Jesus Christ if you cannot obey His simple commandments.

Speaking in Other Tongues

Five years of faithful attendance, first in the Baptist Church, then the Church of Christ, caused me to be indoctrinated with wrong doctrine, namely that speaking in tongues was considered to be of the devil. A person sleeping does not know how long they have slept until they wake up. Likewise, a corpse no longer has life and therefore can no longer participate in life. I was spiritually dead, until I came to a rude awakening when a friend asked me to go to an Apostolic Church service. After two months of finding excuses why I shouldn't go I finally gave in - it pays to be persistent!

Shock, horror, people welcomed me with open arms. Worse was to come. The music was louder than at a Rock concert. The people were almost dancing in the aisles - incredibly they seemed to be having a good time. When somebody prayed in a language I didn't understand I felt really spooked, only my upbringing prevented me from running out of there. What weird cult had I been dragged into? All this was against my prim and proper, conservative, traditional church upbringing. The good old Methodists had never behaved like this. Come to think of it, neither had the Baptists! I was most indignant!

As we left I vowed never to set foot in the place again. The sincerity of the people however, did touch my heart, so I decided one more visit wouldn't hurt, four years later I was still attending. One annoying thing was the fact the people were always asking me if I was

'born again'. My reply was always, "of course I'm born again", yet I didn't have the faintest idea what they were talking about. The next question was, "Do you speak in tongues then?" "Certainly not, I don't need to. Thank you very much." With sadness I now look back at my arrogance, ignorance and refusal to learn. Sometimes God has to take us by the scruff of the neck, in order to pull us into line.

I woke up one morning with excruciating pain at the base of the neck. Of course I immediately asked God to heal me; nothing happened. Right, I thought the devil must be attacking me so I prayed accordingly: nothing happened. The third option was to go to my minister for prayer. My minister and his wife prayed for me, but again the pain didn't go away. The next day the whole church prayed for me, but again the pain didn't leave.

While driving home from church my stiff neck became unbearable. As I waited to turn into my street the following thoughts came to me.

"My people were a stiff necked people." (Exodus 32:9)

"Oh no LORD, are you trying to tell me that my physical condition is representative of my spiritual condition?"

To be stiff necked is to be stubborn. Was I being stubborn in my walk with God?

The minute I walked into the flat the phone rang. Elizabeth, a good friend from the Apostolic Church was on the other end.

"Hi, how are you?" Elizabeth wanted to know.

"I'm in great pain."

"Do you speak in tongues yet?"

I couldn't believe my ears, no words of sympathy.

"No!" I responded rather annoyed.

After twenty minutes of her trying to teach me to speak in tongues, I said goodbye. I have since learnt that speaking in tongues is a gift and cannot be learnt. Nor can speaking in tongues save you, only the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ can do that.

By this time, frustration was really getting the better of me. So I went into the bedroom, sank onto my knees and said to God: "Lord Jesus if you want me to speak in tongues, I ask for that gift under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Nothing happened, so I started to sing a few songs to God. All of a sudden a strange language came out of my mouth. Overawed, I thought to myself I better not stop in case the language goes away and doesn't come back again. Half an hour later I was still at it.

When my daughter Sonja walked in the door, the anointing of the Holy Spirit was so strong that she also started to speak in tongues. The same thing happened when a friend arrived a few moments later. How amazing to have three people speaking in another language.

Remembering only too well how people pushed the issue of tongues with me, I am careful not to do it to anybody else. Tongues is a gift and to be treated as such, not to be demanded and pushed onto somebody.

I go so far as to say those cults who deny the Trinity, but push tongues are in fact speaking in satanic tongues. Therefore I prefer people to seek God personally for the gift, rather than being prayed over by somebody they don't know. There are too many cults around

who speak in "tongues", but these tongues are not the gift of the Holy Spirit, but an imitator of the Holy Spirit.

1 John 4:1 My dear friends, do not believe all who claim to have the Spirit, but test them to find out if the spirit they have comes from God. For many false prophets have gone out everywhere.

There are also those people who say that you are not baptised, or filled with God's Holy Spirit unless you speak in tongues. That issue has bothered me because I know sincere people who are truly walking with God, but don't speak in tongues. I really cried out to God to explain the matter to me, especially since people are always quoting:

Acts 2:4. They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to talk in other languages, as the Spirit enabled them to speak.

As I studied the Word of God I began to realise that the pouring out of God's Holy Spirit was associated more with an emphasis on proclaiming the message of Jesus Christ and the salvation He gives.

Joel 2:28 "Afterwards I will pour out my Spirit on everyone: your sons and daughters will proclaim my message; your old people will have dreams, and your young people will see visions.

29) At that time I will pour out my Spirit even on servants, both men and women.

See also Acts 1:8, Acts 10:10, Acts 11:24

As a matter of fact 1Corinthians 12:29-30 says:

They are not all apostles or prophets or teachers. Not everyone has the power to work miracles or to heal diseases or to speak in strange tongues or to explain what is said.

I agree with the apostle Paul when he says:

I would like all of you to speak in strange tongues; but I would rather that you had the gift of proclaiming God's message. 1Corinthians 14:5

Yes, I strongly agree that when God has given the gift of speaking in tongues to a person there is added power in their life. However, it is wrong to put condemnation on a person who doesn't speak in tongues and tell them that there must be something wrong with them because they don't speak in tongues. I know that when I went forward in the Apostolic Church to be prayed for to receive the Holy Spirit I received instantly, but I did not speak in tongues until much later. Many times before I spoke in tongues, God's presence was evident in my life in a mighty way. That could have only been through the power of the Holy Spirit. My recommendation is that people ask to receive the gift of tongues, but if it doesn't happen immediately then don't get stressed about it. God has created us as individuals and He treats us differently, so what might be fine for one person is not necessarily the case for somebody else. There must be a balance in our walk with God.

I appreciate the gift God has given me, for it has helped me in my prayer life. Now when I am praising God, and run out of things to say, I just change to tongues and keep on praising Jesus. There is definitely a closer relationship between God and I, now that I'm no longer stiff necked. However, I will never say that a person is not filled with God's Holy Spirit if they don't speak in that heavenly language.

Do you love Jesus enough to obey His commandments?

Chapter 19

Being Gay

These diary entries tell of a man who travelled from one continent to the other, searching for fulfillment. From Brighton in England to Bondi Beach and many other places in Australia, he searched for the good life. Finally he found what he was looking for, love, peace, joy and a purpose in life. The following diary entries and letters speak for themselves.

John's Diary Entries

3rd October 1996

This won't have a beginning as I'm sure it cannot have an end. I guess I could start with trivialities; it's the 3rd October 1996, 8 p.m. in Byron Bay, Australia and I suppose I'm feeling extremely fortunate to have found the answer to life. It seems as though I've been searching forever. As far back as I can remember, over my 25 years of existence, I know that whatever I was doing, there remained a desolate yearning inside me. Never did I settle or feel "at one" with the world and all its distractions. Maybe I've always been too much of a thinker,

a worrier - perhaps even a bit of a philosopher. Whatever I try to analyse myself as, let me just say that I'm so relieved that I pushed my probing mind to its limits - in all situations continuously asking "why" and desiring more. I think we all ask and wonder.

Surely there is more to life than what the world offers: school, recreation, work (or not work), eat, maybe friends, (maybe not), then all the other things in between before death. Then what? Some people say they believe in life, death and then nothing. That's your lot! Well, I'm sorry, but those of us who resign themselves to that way of thought have allowed themselves to become comfortable in a very uncomfortable place. What if there is something else - something that all those people are preventing themselves from finding. Or maybe they are being prevented?

O.K - enough is enough, I'm not going to spin on in riddles and try hard philosophical waffle. It's been a strange life up till now. But I can honestly say that as I glance around this "Bunkhouse Backpackers" in the heart of hippy-ville, amongst all the New Age neurosis and surface beliefs about peace and the inner-self - yes here amongst the searching souls, stoned or drunk, here as everyone either tries to forget about themselves or desperately find themselves, I sit calm in the knowledge that "the self" is not the answer. I'm probably sounding smug and condescending, but for someone who was more lost than the best of them, who not more than 6 months ago was standing, in a state of drug induced madness on Bondi Beach rocks, ready to throw himself off, I feel a certain amount of liberty to be rejoicing. The "answer" is a free gift for each one of us. It took me almost 25 years to accept that gift.

4th October 1996

There are of course days when I feel low. Today is one of those days. The whole of humankind is on an emotional roller coaster I'm sure; some maybe never reach the purest highs of life, if they themselves are too weighed down by a baggage of bad feelings they simply cannot shake off. I have always been a very up and down guy. I always used to think I was highly strung or over-sensitive. Perhaps it was that missing link in my life that I was always seeking. The link of course, being Jesus - providing communion once again with God. Well, now when the lows start to take control, I like to think I'm in a better position to handle them. After all, God is always God - He's not going to change. But I (we) are always changing all the time. These days I usually try to analyse why those good ol' blues or bouts of depression hit me, before they start to eat away. The Bible says 'be joyful always'. It's hard to do when you look around at the state of the world. When you ask Christ into your life, sometimes I think you're expecting an answer to all of life's problems.

What we're supposed to remember is that now we are "God's children". Jesus has shown that He will never leave or forsake me. It's easy to forget this, when you arrive in a place as distressing as "Surfer's Paradise"! I never was one for tacky bars, neon lights and drink-as-much-as-you-can parties, even when I was into the drugs and drink world. But now, seeing the scale of things, as God sees it, my spirit sinks. When I see the dirty, pot-bellied, beer-guzzling men and hear their foul cursing and jibes at the heavily made-up, bleach-haired bar girls, I feel burdened. It may only be 4 in the afternoon and already the majority cannot speak properly due to the amount of alcohol they have consumed. Why is everyone so lost? Yes, I'm disgusted by what I see, but for the people I just feel a surge of desperation and sadness. How did they get like this?

Why was I once like that? We think it's fun to get drunk, to smoke, to party all the time, to sleep with whoever we want to. But why do we think it's fun? It's awful! Everywhere you look, people tell you it's okay. Every magazine, T.V advertisement, every billboard; we're

bred on it - lies! Sometimes I think I must be insane to believe in something so pure and seemingly simple. But I know I'm not insane. I'm clinging to the only promise that gives me any hope at all; the promise of God. It's true the world can only offer death - physical, but certainly spiritual also. So I can be joyful always - joyful in the knowledge that I belong to God and not this strange and sordid place I'm "visiting". But I can also feel a sense of remorse for those who have not yet understood the spiritual world. LORD I pray for those souls. I pray they will be drawn to your light. And let's face it, for every sprawling man-made jungle such as "Surfers", somewhere along the track will be an incredibly beautiful place of God's creation.

7th October 1996

I'm sitting on the wooden verandah of the "Halse Lodge" in Noosa Heads, staring out into the rain, listening to the live version of Eric Clapton's "Tears In Heaven". The song reminds me of a testimony of one of my friends about the death of their baby. He told me he needed to push on and not live in the past and thus in sorrow.

I think we all hang onto the past and it is easy to forget that Jesus forgives, in our eyes, the most dire of human acts. In God's eyes however, there is not gradient of sin - and once washed, always washed. So, when the memories of past sins come back to haunt and torment you, just stay focused on God's promises to us. The only thing the devil holds against us are our memories. Rebuke those thoughts and remind yourself, that in Christ we are new creations, born again in God's vision.

It's been a fairly eye-opening trip so far. Byron Bay was a haven for the soul searches. Nimbin was quite simply a 70s time-trap enveloped in a fog of marijuana. Coloundra and Noosa Heads were picturesque and yet almost clinical. Finally Brisbane and Surfer's Paradise were nothing but concrete tourist traps. How can I be so blunt and blase about places I'm sure the residents would be up in arms to defend, well here's my view point. Scenery, coastlines, trees, sky-scrappers, they're all beautiful in whatever part of the country or the world you choose to examine. But - the place is often full of people trying to offer you things or take from you, and that's world wide! We all try to buy and sell happiness, depending upon the amount of marketing and grab-tactics. Some places seem really soulless. I guess I'm much more aware of people as I'm travelling this time. Sometimes the world really looks like cardboard, it's so temporary and here we are on this planet - a mere stepping stone into the eternal existence that follows. I try to pose this question to as many people as I can:

"What if there really is a God, who created us? We choose to follow our own desires instead of His perfect plan for each of us, but we're destroying the earth and ourselves. Supposing the only point to us residing here on this world is to rediscover our Creator and get to know Him and His truth. In which case, all the worldly pursuits we chose after all mean very little, or nothing, because when they're all gone, if we didn't discover God, then what will our eternity consist of?"

I've been praying for my travel companions. Of course I trust that Catherine truly has accepted Jesus as her Saviour. But the others - well you can't be sure. You can never judge the depths of someone's heart, so it's best just to pray and hope that in some way your own lifestyle is a testimony. Seb is Catholic and says he prays to God and believes God has had a hand in his life and big Chris, has yet to make a comment. Chris (the other one) is a real challenge to me. He reminds me a lot of myself before I became a Christian - he's very argumentative and cynical -especially about the church and the Bible. I totally understand why he's like this, as people have done a lot to destroy the Bible's message and have turned its

message into a set of rules and rituals. RELIGION - what a dangerous thing! Anyway today he actually admitted that Jesus came to be our Saviour. It's hard to know what lies in his heart, but I know he's totally suspicious of the money grabbing antics of certain churches and he feels that the Bible is simply a series of teachings on "how to live your life." I feel he's apprehensive in moving forward to allow Jesus into his heart, because he knows that he will be convicted of his lifestyle. Still I believe that God is already drawing him and that by the power of the Holy Spirit, he won't go too much further in his present way of thinking.

17th October 1996

Homosexuality: natural or not?

One of the big questions in the Bible's message of truth - especially from sceptics in today's open-minded society - is, "If God is such a loving God, then won't he love me for whatever I am?" Even after I had given my life to Christ, there was a big battle going on inside my mind. Since I was about 21, I had fairly comfortably adopted the label of being 'gay' or 'homosexual'. Since my mid-teens I had been confused sexually and as I'm sure all gay men will clarify - they were aware of the strange urges for male contact, but because of the unacceptable aspect of it in our society, fought those feelings for a good many years. I think it's important when examining this issue to look not at what society says, but rather God! Society from a completely ignorant point of view may condemn homosexuality as disgusting and immoral, using such 'nice' terms "poof", "queer", "bender", "faggot", "dyke" to make known their opinions. In God's eyes however, there are no levels of sin, no gradient or hierarchy of the more repulsive acts. So God, although Himself detesting homosexuality does not view it any different from other forms of sexual immorality, or lying, cheating, stealing, slandering or criticism. Sin is sin and God is totally pure and holy. So the people who judge homosexuality as repulsive should take a good look at the rot in their own lives first. And gay people who stand up against the Bible and God saying that he should love us for whatever we may do, are just as misguided.

God does love each and every one of us and it is His will for all of us to return to Him and be saved. However, because we are stained with sin, the only way to become clean and acceptable in the Creator's eyes is to accept what Jesus did for us, thus becoming clothed and washed in the blood of his sacrificial life.

When I had reached the stage in my life, where I was completely at my wits end and on the verge of suicide, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I did this because I had been lost for many years. I was always searching for a meaning to life. I was very much into the club and drug scene, particularly in London and in Sydney. Over the past few years, I had gone through many sexual partners - mainly male, but some female. Even though I liked being with men in this way, I never found a 'soul-mate' and in the back of my mind I could see how shallow and transient the gay community was. The point is, when I prayed for Jesus to save me one evening, it did not enter my head to ask forgiveness for my sins. In fact, most of what I accepted as normal behaviour I did not even realise was wrong, this includes homosexuality. I merely thought that I must have always been this way, so I came to Jesus, assuming that somehow the homosexuality would be 'overlooked'!

God in his immense grace and love for me, knew that I was unaware of my sins, but rescued me anyway. Of course He rescued me - He had been calling me all my life, but because I'm the sort of person who doesn't do things by halves - I had to reach the absolute end of everything before I would finally recognise that someone wanted me desperately. This someone wasn't another man, it wasn't cocaine or ecstasy, it wasn't a nice cushy job in television, or the latest designer clothes. This someone was and is and always will be God. It's

an unbelievable feeling to look back at the plan He had to draw me towards Him, and I'm sure every born-again Christian can identify with this.

But - what about my sins? I was still homosexual, and God quite clearly says that two men were not made to fit together. "But why?" I thought. I've always been like this. It was a good month or so after becoming a Christian that the Holy Spirit, living inside me finally convicted me that homosexuality was wrong. I had been fighting and fighting this notion, but the Spirit of God kept telling me to repent. I kept saying "no", until I couldn't stand it any longer. I asked God's forgiveness and admitted that homosexuality did not make me feel good. I also asked to be released from those desires. It is important to note that God forgives us for everything, no matter how bad it seems; however, we shouldn't just accept our sins, but renounce them, otherwise healing cannot take place in that area.

As I mentioned, I had grown used to the idea of being homosexual and so assumed that God would by-pass that aspect of my life - not so! Incredibly, once I decided, through the power of the Holy Spirit, that I had never really been happy as a 'gay' man and that it was wrong for two men to indulge in this way, huge revelations came into my mind.

When I was a child, my father was often away on business and would invariably return home late in the evenings. My dad is a great man, very generous and kind hearted and I love him a lot, but the fact remains, I was definitely more mothered than fathered when growing up. I spent a great deal of time in female company and being a naturally sensitive child also, became very timid in male company. I basically had good, strong moral guidance from both parents, but in an imperfect society every child will lose out somewhere.

I had a tough time at school, failing at most sporting activities and becoming more and more alienated from male peers. This nightmare reached its peak in high school, when almost all my time was spent with girls, and listening to the daily abuse from the guys. I was different and when one doesn't conform the trouble starts. Looking back, my sensitivity, gentle nature and 'feminine' qualities were being categorised as homosexual characteristics and this is the lie that society fuels. As a Christian, I now appreciate these qualities as true gifts, but as a young boy trying to survive in school, it is very easy to hate yourself and your characteristics. I am positive that homosexuality is a product of society and not a hereditary gene or mutation in the brain. I feel my circumstances could have been different had I not been labelled something that I wasn't.

Over the last 3 or 4 years, I have made some very strong male friendships, which helped me to regain the lost male bond of my childhood. Consequently, I hadn't been too bothered about having a homosexual relationship for a while anyway. I would make a guess that the majority of men who feel they're gay are searching for security and male acceptance. Those who can accept this as true, need to examine their lives as to why this came about.

Homosexuality is initially about lust, as very rarely do two men get to know each other before sex takes place. Also, the reason I feel that the 'gay scene' is so promiscuous is because guys are continually jumping from one partner to another and not finding what they are looking for. Why? Because all gay men are as lost as each other and cannot fill the emptiness that has been there since the first years of childhood. Also the fear of ageing bodies is prevalent in the gay community, because hard bodies and good looks are the basic requirements for a happy gay life. But what happens when these are gone or never existed in the first place? In my gay state I used to dread the thought of living with a balding, ageing, pot bellied partner. I intended to commit suicide before that would happen. The lies that these boys and men have been listening to for the most part of their lives are incredible.

As far as I'm concerned, there is only one way out - Jesus. Nothing is lastingly possible without the power of God and only He can set us free from the bondage of our past. Most men who believe they are gay will be up in arms at people like myself; they will find every excuse in the book to justify their way of being. However, the ones who are truly unhappy and are willing to admit that their homosexuality has been nothing but pain and suffering, are the ones who God is calling. Jesus died to save those of us who hate our lives and to bring us a new promise of Salvation and hope for an eternal life of glory.

Now for the bad news! Some healing takes a long time. I feel released from the bondage of homosexuality and the other areas of my life that were causing my pain, but a battle still goes on. Old habits are still fresh to the memory and sometimes I will catch myself thinking about sex with a male. However, now I know that this is the lustful part of my flesh wanting satisfaction. I definitely do not want a relationship with a man, because the emptiness that was once in my heart has been filled with love from Jesus. The devil has often brought up past memories to haunt me or discourage me, but in just 5 months of being a Christian I can't believe how much I have been strengthened. I can control my urges in a way that would never have been possible before, and in truth, I really do not want to sleep with a man again. It's hard to say if I'll settle down with a woman at this stage, because there are so many other priorities in my new life with God, but let's just say, I have a great sense of peace that God is in control and it's something I don't have to worry about.

A few weeks after I had given my homosexual habit over to God, it was shown to me that there was another step that had to be taken. While visiting my former partner I felt at ease until we hugged to say goodbye. All of a sudden I felt uncomfortable and confused. On examining the situation I realised that although the physical contact had stopped, the spiritual ties had not been cut. After cutting the ties between my former partner and myself I felt truly released. At long last I've been freed from the lie of the devil that I'm homosexual.

John is very dear to me, I see him as a son. He in return refers to me as his adopted mum. I thank God that I was able to be of assistance in helping him in his walk with God. My heart goes out to all those people trapped in a homosexual relationship. The prison that the devil has locked them up in is no different from that of drugs, alcohol, adultery etc. etc. Seven months have now passed since that diary entry. The following are extracts from a letter I received from John since his return to England.

3rd May 1997

I don't know where to begin, but I'll start by saying I miss you and always wonder what you're up to. When I rang Sonja's house, your prayers were well needed. I felt as though so many demons were attacking me, and that God had abandoned me. I didn't have the faith or strength to pray against them, as I knew I had strayed from God, but I felt I wasn't able to repent. It was a horrendous experience! I thought I was dying and my mind was being taken over by darkness. I called a lady I know, before I called you, and asked her to pray for me. She prayed over the phone that the demons would go, but it was as if they were telling me that she didn't really believe they were there. So of course nothing happened. All I could think of was to speak to you, because you understand.

Anyway, just after I spoke to you, I was filled with a surge of strength and faith and prayed the demons out of my life. I can't say things have been easy back here in England. One

thing that keeps me sane is the beautiful seaside. The weather has been great, and I thank God for all the sunshine, as I don't think I could cope with gloomy weather on top of everything else.

Brighton is a very cosmopolitan city and there are a lot of gay men living here. Consequently, lots of them try to flirt with me in the restaurant I work in. I must admit, a couple of times I've felt tempted - especially when I'm feeling low or lonely, and on one occasion I almost ended up with someone, but I guess, in my head I was praying for a way out, and it all blew over. Still - I know that I need a lot more healing and prayer, because there are things from my childhood that are unresolved. Anyway, now I can see the emptiness in every gay man I meet, so I'm not tempted any more.

I think I told you on the phone, I've had a bit of a problem with alcohol lately. I really want to stop drinking, but so far, I haven't.

Anyway on to some positive things. I've started doing volunteer work for a homeless organisation. I do one day a week and help out serving food in a drop in centre. A lot of the people who come in are so high on drugs or else totally drunk. It's very full on and a bit draining and although I've only done it twice so far, I had to pray hard during the day for strength and encouragement.

What else? I'm getting quite frustrated being in the restaurant. I wish I could do something more fulfilling, but I'm trying not to complain. I know that God has blessed my life so much already.

-love you and thinking of you loads,
your adopted son

John

A few weeks after receiving the above letter, I received a phone call and we spoke for about 20 minutes. One of the things we discussed was his work place. John felt that the whole atmosphere of the restaurant was too tempting and pulling him back. He therefore made the decision to give up his job and look for another one somewhere else. God honours those who honour Him, with the result that John's life took a definite swing upwards as the extracts from the next letter indicate.

27th June, 1997

God has been moving powerfully and amazingly in my life over the past weeks. Since I last talked to you, I feel like I've taken on a new lease of life and for the past few days alone have been on an almost continual high coming mainly from praising Jesus, from the bottom of my heart.

God is so good and I pray to be strengthened daily as this Christian walk is becoming very exciting!! I thank God again, for you teaching me about prayer and fighting the devil. It's only recently that I realise how satan was trying to drag me away, but thank God Almighty, for the continual prayers from yourself and others who were concerned enough to bother. And this is perhaps the biggest revelation of my life so far - nothing will happen without prayer. It's such a simple statement and yet I'm sure that so many Christians haven't even realised this.

I've been praying for my sister and she is now a Christian. I went home last month and in less than 3 months she has changed so much. From a fairly depressed girl -overweight and unhappy with herself, she has blossomed into a lady. She loves her job, has lost a lot of weight, changed the way she dresses and has even started wearing light makeup (which was unheard of!). Her eyes are shining and she's made lots of new friends. Praise God.

My dad asked for a Bible for his birthday and is already reading Mark. My mother has finally admitted that Christian Science is wrong. Although she has not given her heart to Jesus, she tells me she has started to pray.

I left the restaurant I was working in because I felt God did not want me in such a heavy atmosphere of drink, gossip and sexual innuendo. I did my best to witness to all the people there and I still hold them up before God, but in the end my personal growth was more important. I feel God has given me a new job. On the 1st July I have an interview. Apart from that, I'm still doing work at the homeless centre. So many people are aggressive and high on drugs or drunk (or both) that I cannot even enter the building unless I know I'm wearing the full armour. I've managed to witness a little, but people are very untrusting, so for the time being I'm just letting God's warmth shine through me.

A friend of mine, Peter, was struck down by a feeling of nausea and dizziness. He had been vomiting for most of the day. When I phoned him in the afternoon (about 4) he was in a pretty bad state. He had a friend with him, a Christian and I asked if that person had prayed for him. He hadn't - typical!! So I offered to pray. Well, when I came on the phone I rebuked the sickness, commanding it to leave his body and not return. I also prayed for God's healing power to fall upon him.

When I visited Peter the next day I heard an interesting story. Ten minutes after I had gotten off the phone he felt much better and when another friend arrived with his medicine shortly afterwards he had said the following. "I don't need to take this. I'm better!" He returned the prescription the next day. Amazing! And yet, this is what we, as Christians should expect. Of course God wants to move in power, but we have to desire him and believe it.

Aside from all that's going on I've had a strange battle with demons lately. One thing I didn't tell you in Sydney was that for many years I was caught up in pornography. Well, the images from these magazines and movies have been haunting me terribly. Although I've rebuked and renounced it all, sexual thoughts were almost continuously invading my mind. Besides that I've been having horrible sexual dreams - even homosexual ones. Finally I felt the Holy Spirit leading me into nightly prayer before I went to sleep. I asked God to censor my dreams and I actively command satan and his demons to stay away. I also pray that God will pour light onto my dreams, as many are in darkness. Now the strangest things started to happen.

My dreams are still not completely clean, but I now see them all in the light. I have had two sexual dreams where I have literally turned to the other people in the dream and said, "this is wrong". God is now granting me control in my sleep. Of course the demons are not happy with this and I have been forcefully held down twice in bed, as though there was a clamp around my mind. But in the name of Jesus, I've managed to break out of it and pray away the sheer terror I felt. Now I'm asking God to remove all fear of satan from me, so I can stand against these evil powers, even as I sleep.

The spiritual realm is so misunderstood, but through prayer, I can now see that God can open my mind to what he wants me to see. Incidentally, when I awoke from the demonic oppression the other night, I cried out, "In the name of Jesus, be gone", and I saw a demon flying from my body and through the wall. It was black, with what looked like a strange tail. Of course, many people (even Christians) will probably think I've gone mad, or say I'm simply having a nightmare. But I now know that there is no such thing as 'simply having a nightmare'! A nightmare is not of God and it is not in God's will for me to continue having them.

I feel like I've babbled on a lot in this letter and I really must finish now, so I can catch the post. Basically I just wanted to share with you some of the things that God has been doing. I could go on and on, but these events stand out.

love to you and Rach, please write soon,

John

John's story shows that a person can be totally set free from homosexuality. More than that there is a definite growth in his relationship with Jesus. There are also two instances where I prayed for females. These two women turned from their lesbian relationships to preferring male company. One of them explained to me that in the case of a lesbian the relationship is not primarily based on sex, but rather on companionship.

I encourage anybody who is homosexual to seek Jesus Christ, so that he can release you from a tormenting and frustrating situation. Homosexual men and women, let God give you the right kind of person, one of his choosing, who will make you happy!

Genesis 2:18,22&23

18/ Then the LORD God said, "It is not good for the man to live alone. I will make a suitable companion to help him."

22/ He formed a woman out of the rib and brought her to him.

23/ Then the man said, "At last, here is one of my own kind --- Bone taken from my bone, and flesh from my flesh. 'Woman' is her name because she was taken out of man."

24/ That is why a man leaves his father and mother and is united with his wife, and they become one.

Chapter 20

Faith

TRY TO LEARN WHAT PLEASES THE LORD.

Ephesians 5:10

God is pleased when we have enough faith to trust Him.

What is faith?

Hebrews 11

1) To have faith is to be sure of the things we hope for, to be certain of the things we cannot see.

2/ It was by their faith that people of ancient times won God's approval.

6/ No one can please God without faith, for whoever comes to God must have faith that God exists and rewards those who seek him.

WE HURT GOD BY OUR UNBELIEF AND DOUBT

Through a word of knowledge God showed me how we make Him sad by our unbelief.

June 1984

(1) Every time you fear or are worried about something, you hurt Me. It means that you don't have the faith to put your trust in Me and believe that I will take care of what you think are serious problems. Beware of satan. Mark my words he is there and waiting to trap you in any way possible. Believe me he has the power to counterfeit Me and will lead you to believing you are doing God's things, when in fact you are doing things which are of satan. He is there waiting to strike, but I am ready with my shield to protect, at the very second satan strikes, but I shall only do that if you ask Me.

July 1984

(2) And when you are worried do not be afraid (John 14:1,27), because I am there to comfort you, and to pick you up in my arms (Hosea 11:3) and rock you back and forth until all your troubles are gone. Do not be afraid to ask for anything you desire, within reason, because I will give it to you. I love each and everyone of you - then isn't it right that you should love each and every person I have put on the earth? Spread my Word. (Matthew 28:18-20).

You should be glad as the Holy Spirit has revealed himself to you. But do not speak of me and then deny me as Peter did, you will lead a miserable life; discontented and disappointed. I am your God and you are my child. As your father kneels to kiss your forehead (Hosea 11:4) I wanted to do the same, if you accept me into your life. Remember I am with you and acknowledge to others that I am your Saviour, your Father and the one who loves you and brings peace of mind to you (John 14:27), your home and your family. Remember my wings are spread over you to protect you from the dangers of the world (Matthew 23:37).

Your faith has brought you to me and your faith will keep you with me. And do not question where you shall go once you are dead, but spread my message and let others come to know me, as I come to know you. If I made you surely I should know you, your character, your feelings and your problems.

I am your God do not forget this. I am here when you need me. Do not be afraid, for my love will be with you eternally.

Salvation

We receive salvation simply by believing in Jesus Christ.

John 3:16 For God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not die but have eternal life.

Acts 16:31 They answered, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved -- you and your family."

See also: John 5:24; 20:39-40
Romans 3:22-23; 5:1; 10:9-10
Acts 13:39

ASK GOD TO GIVE YOU AN ABUNDANCE OF FAITH

1 Corinthians 12:9, Luke 17:5, John 15:7, 16

The lyrics of the song, 'Trust and Obey' are very appropriate, as well as being a commandment of the Lord Jesus Christ:

"Trust and obey for there's no other way to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey."

Examples of great faith in the Bible

The leper, Matthew 8:2&3
The centurion Matthew 8:5-13
The bleeder Matthew 9:20-22
The blind men Matthew 9:28-30
The Syrophenician woman Matthew 15:21-28

Jesus and the fig tree Matthew 21:21&22

21/ Jesus answered, "I assure you that if you believe and do not doubt, you will be able to do what I have done to this fig tree. And not only this, but you will even be able to say to this hill, 'Get up and throw yourself in the sea,' and it will.

22/ If you believe, you will receive whatever you ask for in prayer."

Faith works very much on the same principle as planting bulbs. The bulbs are growing, developing under the ground, without any visible results from above the ground. Yet by adding water and fertiliser, the green shoots will eventually grow above the ground. Eventually the green stalks, leaves and then flowers will appear one day.

So it is with prayer and trusting in God's word, something happens in the world unseen by us. Faith in God is like the water and fertiliser which helps the bulbs to grow. I have seen immediate answers to prayer, but there have also been times where I have had to

wait. The issue is that God has heard the prayer from the instance it was spoken, but in the case of my leg it took some time for my leg to look normal again, likewise with the baby I prayed for in PNG.

IT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE!

God gave me a prayer for healing some time ago. The concluding sentences are note worthy.

Make sure that both of you believe totally . Don't even say "if", because it has already been done. Therefore have faith and be strong, for I am constantly with you, especially when you're at your weakest.

Special promises to those who trust God

2 Chronicles 20:20

Put your trust in the LORD your God and you will stand your ground.

Psalms 31:19

Psalms 32:10

Psalms 34:22

Psalms 125:1

Proverbs 29:25

Isaiah 26:3

Faith:

a) assures success - 2Kings 6:15-23

b) a duty - John 6:28, 29

c) essential in prayer - James 1:5, 6

d) a defensive weapon - Ephesians 6:16; 1 Thessalonians 5:8; 1 Timothy 1:19; Hebrews 10:22-23.

Other verses dealing with trusting God.

Psalms 37:3-5 & 118:8

Isaiah 26:4, 50:10

Chapter 21

Roots

The purpose of the roots of a plant or tree is to hold it in place, while at the same time providing water and food.

Colossians 2:6, 7

6/ Since you have accepted Christ Jesus as Lord, live in union with him.

7/ Keep your roots deep in him, build your lives on him, and become stronger in your faith, as you were taught. And be filled with thanksgiving.

Baby Christians

If you're a baby Christian use the above Bible verses as a prayer for your own life. If you know of a baby Christian, pray the above Bible verses to stop them from slipping away - otherwise the following will happen.

Matthew 13:6 But when the sun came up, it burnt the young plants; and because the roots had not grown deep enough, the plants soon dried up.

When a person becomes a Christian let the Holy Spirit convict them what they should get rid of in their life. Don't you try to pull out all the weeds at once in a baby Christian's life, or else they could become discouraged and lose faith.

Matthew 13:28-29 'It was some enemy who did this', he answered. 'Do you want us to go and pull up the weeds?' they asked him.

29/ 'No,' he answered, 'because as you gather the weeds you might pull up some of the wheat along with them.'

Mature Christians

Once you are a mature Christian make sure that the roots of the weeds in your life do not strangle the root of God. (Remember the Jimmy Swaggart story).

How to nourish the root system and thus the plant.

* Feed on the Word of God.

* Seek God continually.

Be productive - produce fruit

1/ Be like Isaiah 37:31 and John 15:4,5&8

2/ Do not be like Hosea 9:16

ARE YOU A TUMBLEWEED?

A tumbleweed is a bush that rolls around the desert because it dried up and then broke off at ground level. The bush is then blown around the desert by the wind. Is your life aimless, or do you have a definite purpose in life? Is Jesus the main focus of that purpose?

My tooth - killing off the root

In Jonah chapter 4, God commanded a worm to attack the root of the plant and it died. While teaching the story of Jonah during scripture, I had a toothache. I placed my hand on that part of the face where the pain was and commanded the root of the aching tooth to die. My prayers worked, for the tooth stopped aching and has never ached again, nor did it turn black.

The Wart on my Finger

On several occasions I had prayed for people covered in warts and they had simply fallen off a few days later. Yet here I had a wart on my finger that I had prayed about for months on end and it hadn't fallen off. Finally God gave me the following prayer. Tie off the root system of that wart, so that it can no longer feed on your flesh. Within days the wart dropped off.

MAKE EPHESIANS 3:17 THE PRAYER FOR YOUR LIFE

and I pray that Christ will make his home in your hearts through faith. I pray that you may have your roots and foundation in love.

Chapter 22

Malaysia – 1997

Glenda a friend of mine and I decided to go for a holiday to Malaysia. God obviously wanted us to go for she was able to get a passport very quickly, as well as get time off work.

On the plane we sat in front of a Chinese couple, Tung and Choong. The couple befriended us and promised to take us sightseeing in Kuala Lumpur. As Choong had to work on the Saturday, only Tung was able to come. He drove us to the Malacca Straits. We had an absolutely wonderful time seeing the sights. The trip was especially interesting for me because I had studied Malaysian History and the Malacca Straits during my third year at university.

Sunday, faithfully as promised, Tung and Choong picked us up at 9 a.m. We started our sightseeing at the Selangor Pewter factory, this turned out to be an interesting experience.

Our next stop was to be the Batu caves. We came across a Hindu procession which was making it's way to the area. In order for us to reach the temple complex we had to climb steps that seemed never ending, half way up the mountain.

The large temple area contained various sections where a variety of deities were being worshipped, ranging from the elephant to the peacock, or figures of human beings. I was reminded that the Bible says, behind every idol is a demon.

No! What I am saying is that what is sacrificed on pagan altars is offered to demons, not to God. And I do not want you to be partners with demons. 1Corinthians 10:20

Needless to say I prayed over the place and for the people going there. The Old Testament speaks of the foolishness of people who made idols out of wood or stone and then bowed down to them.

Exodus 32:2 Aaron said to them, "Take off your gold earrings which your wives, your sons, and daughters are wearing, and bring them to me."

4/ He took the earrings, melted them, poured the gold into a mould, and made a gold bull-calf. The people said, "Israel, this is our god, who led us out of Egypt!"

Nothing has changed in thousands of years people are still making idols and bowing down to the devil, instead of worshipping the only true God, Creator of heaven and earth – the Lord Jesus Christ.

We were just making our way down the enormous stairs when the Hindu procession arrived. God always has perfect timing. What we saw was amazing, but also very evil. Some men had metal rods through their cheeks. Other men had up to twelve hooks in their backs and like animals, were pulling heavy carts containing statues of their deities. The priestesses wore bright yellow clothes. All the participants looked possessed, or else they were on drugs. Eyes stared vacantly into the distance, as they danced in a frenzy. With others the tongue protruded from the mouth rolling around crazily.

God had planned it so that Glenda and I could pray for the procession, and other people who had come to watch. I was very proud of Glenda, considering she was only a baby Christian of 5 months. She was very supportive and did a great job.

Later that day Tung took us to a shopping centre that had a canal flowing through it. We also visited the Prime Minister's Memorial - or old residence. On our way to the last sight seeing place the rain started to pour.

On our arrival in Malaysia, Glenda and I had prayed for rain, so that the massive choking smoke from the Indonesian forest fires could be washed away. The situation was very bad and not only was visibility very poor, but people just couldn't breathe properly. Naturally we thanked God for answering our prayers.

After an hour the pouring rain had most certainly made a difference to the air quality, but also caused flooding. We found that out the hard way as Tung drove over a hill and sailed into a lake of water that covered the road. The car stopped instantly.

In the 45 minutes that Tung tried to start the car the water rose higher and higher. I pictured us floating away. I could hardly ask God to stop the rain when it was needed to clear the air. Yet as long as it rained so heavily there would be no likelihood of anybody stopping to help us. That was obvious by the many trucks driving past. In the now dark night, the situation looked even darker, considering that we could be stranded in this out of the way place.

At last a truck stopped and a small man, who looked more like a child, than an adult, stepped out. He went to Choong's window and asked if the engine had died. Upon being told that that was the case he walked to the back of the car and started to push. Considering the car was medium sized and contained four adults, the job seemed impossible, especially since it sat in water up to the doors.

As the man started to push I found myself saying, "Tung start the engine, start the engine". I completely forgot that the man had tried for 45 minutes and nothing had happened. With one flick of the wrist and a turn of the key the engine sprang to life, purring like a kitten. On a human level this is just not possible, because water would have gotten into the exhaust and most certainly the engine.

Tung drove to the side of the road and with the engine still running he threw his hands into the air and shouted, "Thank you Jesus, thank you Jesus. Now I believe, now I believe". Choong likewise raised her hands and loudly praised Jesus. God's presence in the car was awesome.

During Saturday and Sunday, Glenda and I had been gently witnessing to the pair, now through a mighty miracle they both believed. As we drove on Tung said, "When I get home I'm going to tell my mother that I am no longer a Buddhist, but a Christian."

Back at the hotel I took both of them through a prayer whereby they asked Jesus into their hearts and asked to be filled with the Holy Spirit. What a miracle working God we serve.

Chapter 23

Fiji revisited – 1997

Quite by chance my daughter and I stumbled onto a Fijian church, not far from where we lived; it was here that I met Melanie. One night, while in the 3rd row from the front, I saw 4 women rolling around on the floor. They had come out for prayer. In my spirit I felt that there was something drastically wrong with these women. They had come out for prayer week after week, but there had been no change in their condition. Although the church claimed to be a Holy Spirit filled church (Assembly of God) the leaders weren't operating in the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Concerned about the welfare of the women I asked God for a Word of Knowledge.

For the woman I now know as Melanie the answer immediately came by the word, 'death'. Shocked I asked again in case I hadn't heard right, but the same answer came – death! After the service I told her that she had death over her life because of her hatred, anger and violence. She admitted that what I had said was the truth.

1John 3:14 ... Those who do not love are still under the power of death.

I approached one of the church leaders and offered to pray for Melanie. He was happy to back me up. The change was immediate and not only was there a physical change, in that she looked happier and brighter, but the hatred for her husband disappeared. In the following weeks their marriage, for the first time in a long time, was happy.

Over the months we became good friends and I ended up joining her in her Fijian village when she went there for a month. All of her family received me warmly, and went out of their way to be kind to me.

On the morning of the 3rd day I couldn't help but say to her, in front of her father and a relative, that her behaviour towards me and others of her family had been very rude. Apparently in Fiji Melanie behaved differently than she did in Australia. Here she could boss her relatives around, because they were dependent on her secondhand clothes and money.

My few words were responded to with such foul abuse that I hadn't heard in a long time. When I ignored her she became violent. The Word of God says that:

43/ "When an evil spirit goes out of a person, it travels over dry country looking for a place to rest. If it can't find one,
44/ it says to itself, 'I will go back to my house'. So it goes back and finds the house empty, clean, and all tidied up.

45/ Then it goes out and brings along seven other spirits even worse than itself, and they come and live there. So when it is all over, that person is in worse shape than at the beginning. Matthew 12:43-45

Sadly, Melanie had a choice whether to give in to pride, anger, violence and all the other things that had been cast out of her life, or to let them back in. She let them back in. We do have a free will.

Besides the foul language I was told to get out immediately. Considering I was in a strange country, where not everybody speaks English and living on a limited budget, put a damper on my holiday. It didn't take me long to work out that the devil didn't want me in the village, considering the amount of miracles God had performed. A lot of people had been healed and others had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

At first Melanie's brother and his wife had offered to take me in, but he buckled under his sister's pressure to get rid of me. Arrangements were then made to dump me across the river. On the morning of the 4th day I found myself in a boat heading away from the village.

Incredibly 2 days before another brother and his wife had taken me sightseeing up and around the river. In one of the villages I had met a wonderful couple Bai and Rena. They invited me to come back again. God put it on my heart to say goodbye to the people. As it turned out when I shared my predicament with them they agreed to let me stay. God works in strange ways!

Those who had brought me in the boat were not happy that I was going to stay in Rewa village; they were frightened at what Melanie might say. How weak people are! At one stage as we were sitting in the kitchen, a traditional bure, the Holy Spirit told me that Esther, one of the relatives from Melanie's family was trying to poison Rena and her sister-in-law Mereoni against me. I looked Esther straight in the face and said to her, "In P.N.G when a man spoke against me in Pidgin, God by His Holy Spirit told me what he had said. Now God told me what you said to these two women." She immediately became embarrassed. Rena later told me that Esther had been talking badly about me, but had changed the subject the minute I had pulled her up. God is good!

While in Rewa village God did a mighty work. I prayed for a child with conjunctivitis. The pus disappeared from her eyes the very next day. Also her skin showed a vast improvement. I prayed for a 11 year old girl who had suffered badly from a terrible skin disease for 9 years. God healed her miraculously and within 4 days the perfect new skin came through.

During Bible study a woman complained about a very sore shoulder. I prayed for her and within a few minutes the pain was completely gone. On the second day, while I was teaching, the women and I noticed a little girl whose ear was completely filled with green pus. She also had a very high temperature. I stopped teaching and prayed for the child. An hour later when we had a break I suggested to the mother that she might like to clean out the child's ear. Not only I, but all the other women were totally amazed to see that the canal was now completely clean and you could look right into the ear. Also the temperature had disappeared. Praise God!

Upon leaving Fiji I had the opportunity to witness to a Hindu taxi driver and a Hindu travel agent. All in all God kept me very busy in my ten days in that country and I thank the Lord Jesus Christ for the many miracles that were performed. I also thank God for touching

the hearts of the many 'Christians' I was able to challenge, for in truth these people were only religious and there was no fruit in their life.

Chapter 24

What Jesus Means to Me

He is my friend

He never gets tired of my complaints. What friend would listen to the same sob story over and over again? Jesus does! The words spoken by Jesus in John 15:13-15, mean a lot to me.

- 13) The greatest love you can have for your friends is to give your life for them.
- 14) And you are my friends if you do what I command you.
- 15) I do not call you servants any longer, because servants do not know what their master is doing. Instead, I call you friends, because I have told you everything I heard from my Father.

The above words and an incident relating to my mother have given the word 'friendship' a deeper meaning. Late one Sunday evening my mother rang.
"Where have you been? I've been trying to reach you all evening."
"At church mum, as you might have guessed. Why don't you try it some time," came my annoyed reply.
"If I want to talk to God, I can go to my room any time I feel like it. I don't have to go to church!"
The 'I's said it all; here was a typical one-sided relationship, where my mother only talked to God if and when it suited her. Needless to say, when she was in need, it suited her!

Interestingly enough, only that same week I had mentally made a list of people who always seemed happy enough for me to visit or phone them, but never reciprocated. I decided to see what would happen if I didn't contact them for a few weeks. Seventeen years later they still haven't contacted me, so I guess they weren't interested in me as a friend. Just as well it didn't take me seventeen years to work that one out, but I did realise that friendship is based on a two-way relationship.

I treasure my friendship with Jesus, so I try to spend as much time with Him as possible. Close friends want to talk to each other as much as possible. The constant contact helps to cement the friendship. The same principle applies to a relationship with Jesus Christ. During the week, before I go to work, I get up at least an hour earlier, in order to spend time reading the Bible, praying and praising God. At 7 o'clock I have breakfast and then get ready for work. I do this not out of habit, or obligation, but simply because I want to spend time with God. You get out of a relationship what you put into it. I guess the same principle

applies to a bank account; you can only withdraw the money you have in the account. You can't withdraw money you don't have.

People constantly say to me, "**Oh pray for me. God hears you, He won't listen to me.**" Not true! God loves to hear other voices besides mine. Good communication is essential in any relationship that involves talking and listening. So often I hear people say, "Yes, I say my prayers every night." Just to rattle off a few words before you go to sleep is not having a relationship with God. We do the talking, but we also need to listen to what God has to say to us through reading the Bible.

Love Letters

While visiting my mother, God showed me the Bible in a way I had never seen it before. Curiosity runs in the family, so it came as no surprise when my mother felt the need to steam open her friend's mail. For months on end the person had received mail from overseas, but had never opened it. Eventually the letters had grown into a neat pile. While her friend was out, my mother decided to play detective.

Much to her disappointment the letter she had steamed open contained no earth shattering secret, or hint of a crime. As we went back into the kitchen the inevitable question came up. "Why do you think those letters are left unopened?" my mother asked. "Maybe they're not interested in the information, or just don't want to hear the truth," was my suggestion.

At this stage God broke into the conversation and said:

"I also send my children love letters, but they never open them either and read them."

Shocked I realised that most of the New Testament is written in letter form.

I can honestly say that now, I love Jesus, but that is only because I have gotten to know Him. I encourage everybody to seek Jesus' friendship through talking to Him, listening to Him, reading His Word and obeying His commandments.

Hosea 6:3 Let us try to know the Lord.

6/ I want your constant love, not your animal sacrifice. I would rather have my people know me than burn offerings to me.

The following was a message from God for one of the students at Bible study.

Dearest Roseanne, it's been a tough year, hasn't it; trying to make friends and trying to get good grades. Well don't worry, because I'll be your friend eternally and if you'll try to be my friend and ask Me to allow you to fit in, it will be done the very second you ask. Don't be afraid of the world Roseanne. Learn to stand on your own feet now, and you'll find it even easier as you go on with Me by your side, holding your hand.

Jesus is my friend and I can honestly say that He has never let me down in all the years I have served Him.

He is my strength

Many years ago I opened the Bible to find the following words staring at me:

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.

2Corinthians 12:9

People comment that I have a strong character. At all times I remind them that my strength comes from Jesus.

As I look back over my life I thank God for giving me the strength to study for my Higher School Certificate, then an Arts Degree and a Diploma of Education, as a mature student, while I was raising three little children. I also thank God that He gave me the strength and persistence to stand against corruption while at university. One of the History lecturers had not bothered to keep records for the whole student body. At the end of the year he simply took a stab in the dark as to who he should pass or fail.

The amount of corruption in this world is unbelievable. What is even more unbelievable is the fact that very few people speak up for what is right and against that which is wrong. In my twelve years of teaching for the N.S.W. Department of Education I spoke up against child sexual abuse, the teaching of satanic activities in drama, a satanic book and yoga being incorporated in sport. Other supposed Christians knew that such activities were going on, but never spoke up. Apparently there are those people who fear man more than they fear God. Eventually I lost my job, not just because I spoke out but because I also dared to have Bible studies at lunchtime. Almost two years later and \$41,000 in legal expenses, I won my case against the Education Department in the Australian Arbitration Court.

The moments of victory were short lived however, as the Department appealed against the decision and took the matter to a higher court. The judge was very selective in the evidence he listened to. My barrister was constantly cut off, whereas the barrister from the Department was allowed to trot out as many lies as he chose. We lost the case. At the insistence of my solicitor and barrister I prepared and presented my case before the Full Bench of the Australian Federal Arbitration Court. Only God's strength saw me through this time of hardship and stress.

Turning the other Cheek

Turning the other cheek takes strength. I was worried about the fact that I might not be strong enough to turn the "other cheek", so I had a chat to God about it. To my amazement the following was the answer:

"You've been doing it for years. When you forgive those who have persecuted you and you treat them as if nothing has happened, you are turning the other cheek."

I hadn't expected an immediate answer from God, but I'm grateful that He gave it to me anyway.

Over twelve years of teaching in public schools I've had plenty of opportunity to 'turn the other cheek'. If I wasn't the butt of people's jokes, I became their whipping post, when things went wrong. For people to abuse me for no particular reason was not a rare occurrence. You might say, "Hey, let's hear the other side." A fair comment; but unless a person has been persecuted because they follow Jesus, they will not understand.

Five classes had assembled in the library, to listen to a visiting Aboriginal speaker. As participation was required I put up my hand. The man asked me what my first name was. I responded by giving him my married name. I hesitated when he insisted on knowing my first name. As I did so a student yelled out, "It's Jesus, it's Jesus." The cry was immediately taken up by 150 chanting mocking voices. Even other teachers laughed and found the scene highly amusing.

God gave me the strength to stand there, propped up against a filing cabinet, smiling. When the laughter had finished I had the added strength to give my mockers a little bow. If they had expected to see me run out in tears it didn't happen; instead my response brought dead silence. How true the Word of God is: "I can do all things through Jesus Christ who strengthens me." To simply rattle off Bible verses is being religious. Putting the Word of God into practice is a different matter altogether.

I put the Word of God into practice when I went into the morgue to pray over a corpse. By rights the person should have been buried, or at least been in the funeral parlour, considering he had been dead for three days. As it turned out the coroner was examining the corpse, so my daughter and I were asked to wait till he had finished. Instead of hanging around waiting for the coroner to finish, God put it on our hearts to pray in the car. Prayer knows no distance.

As we sat in the car God told us how to pray. Firstly, we were to command the spirit of death to leave his body. God also caused my daughter to pray that Peter would have the desire to want to live. We both prayed in tongues and English for some time, battling against doubt and unbelief.

God assured Rachael that Peter would receive life, but that she would not see him, "just yet". We prayed for about three quarters of an hour. Our prayer session finished with John 15:7 and John 14:14. Then I found myself saying, "Oh LORD my God, please honour your word." God caused me to pray in this way, for never would I have dared to do so otherwise. By 4 p.m. that afternoon I had total faith that Peter was alive. So you can imagine my sadness when I found out that the man had been buried two days later. Nonetheless, I didn't question God.

About Monday or Tuesday the following week, God explained to us what had happened in the morgue the previous Friday. For a start God had made sure that Peter had been kept in the morgue till my return from overseas. As we prayed God did give Peter momentary life in order to ask Jesus into his heart. God then let Peter die physically, but had made him alive spiritually. That is why God had said to Rachael at the time of our prayer in the car that Peter would receive life, but she would not see him just yet.

There will be those people who won't accept this incident, but if Jesus can call Lazarus out of the world of the dead after four days, why not Peter? God is greater than any religion, for if He had not intervened this young man would have gone to hell for committing suicide. What a waste of life to die in your early twenties.

Jesus is my protector

There have been many instances when the children and I were in great danger, yet Jesus protected us. On one occasion the children and I had gone for a drive with a friend. The car skidded on the gravel, hit the bridge and then the railing. Although several windows were broken and we were covered in glass not one of us had even received a scratch.

Another instance where God protected my daughter and myself was when the brakes and steering locked. The car, on two wheels, skidded across the road, ready to mount the gutter and hit the wall in front of us. All I could say in my mind was, "Jesus!" Instantly the car was in control again. As I reversed from the curb and pulled back into the right lane, three cars came towards me. If they had come one minute earlier while my car had been out of control, there would have been a four car pile-up.

Jesus is my Lord and Saviour

God used my granddaughter, Sarah, to explain to me why we need Jesus as our Saviour. While cleaning my flat, I saw a vision of my granddaughter in her high chair, at the age of twelve months. In reality Sarah was about two and a half years old. The child was in the process of feeding herself and food was everywhere, her hair, face and body. She looked a mess. God asked me, "Do you love Sarah?"

My answer was immediate. "Oh yes LORD."

"Kiss her."

Horried I answered, "Oh no she's dirty LORD."

"But you do love her, don't you?"

"Yes LORD."

In my vision I picked Sarah up by the scruff of the neck and carried her to the bathroom. Peeling off her clothes, I bathed her. As I dried and powdered the baby on the lounge, God said to me:

"You see, it's like that with me too. I love all whom I have created, but I am a Holy God and they are stained with sin therefore I cannot hug and kiss them."

A bath will wash the outside of the body, but only the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ will wash the heart clean.

Isaiah 1:18-20

18) The LORD says, "Now, let's settle the matter. You are stained red with sin, but I will wash you as clean as snow. Although your stains are deep red, you will be as white as wool.

19) If you will only obey me, you will eat the good things the land produces.

20) But if you defy me, you are doomed to die. I, the LORD, have spoken."

In the Old Testament of the Bible we are told God required the sacrifices of an animal to take away the sins of the people.

Leviticus 9:7: Then he said to Aaron, "Go to the altar and offer the sin offering and the burnt offering to take away your sins and the sins of the people. Present this offering to take away the sins of the people, just as the LORD commanded."

Mankind no longer needs to bring a sacrifice to God for our sins. God, Himself has provided a perfect sacrifice.

Hebrews 9

25/ The Jewish high priest goes into the Most Holy Place every year with the blood of an animal. But Christ did not go in to offer himself many times,

26/ for then he would have had to suffer many times ever since the creation of the world. Instead, now when all ages of time are nearing the end, he has appeared once and for all, to remove sin through the sacrifice of himself.

28/ In the same manner Christ also was offered in sacrifice once to take away the sins of many. He will appear a second time, not to deal with sin, but to save those who are waiting for him.

Chapter 25

Diary entries I made over the years.

The Lost Watch - 1978

Last weekend the children and I went for a picnic with my Vietnamese friends. We had only been in the picnic grounds for a short time when Kwai became very upset. He had left his watch in the men's room and on his return it had gone. The watch was made out of solid white gold and had been a present from his wife, Liem. Under the circumstances it was easy to see why he was so upset.

I suggested that we should all pray asking God to convict the person who had stolen the watch to return it. Our prayers seemed pretty impossible for nobody would hand in such a valuable item. After an hour Kwai became so depressed we left for home.

Kwai just rang me to say that last night he had received a phone call to say that the watch had been found in the grass. Apparently, whoever had the watch either lost it, or threw it away - either being a pretty amazing thing! Praise God for His miracle working powers!

Matthew 19:26. Jesus looked straight at them and answered, "This is impossible for human beings, but for God everything is possible."

Living Halfway between Heaven and Hell -1979

My mother was living in the Church of England rectory, besides that she was surrounded by churches and a graveyard. To her right was the Church of England, to the left the Catholic convent, in front, across the road, the Methodist church and the cemetery became the boundary to the backyard.

One day, while in my loungeroom, I saw a vision of my mother's place. By walking halfway down the backyard you could see my mother's house, the church and the cemetery. God told me to tell my mother that she was living halfway between heaven and hell. She had the choice to go to His house and eternal life - through the Lord Jesus Christ, or go to the cemetery and eternal hell.

The next time we went to visit my mother I took her to the exact spot I had seen in the vision and gave her God's message. Her angry response was that she didn't have time to go to church because of her cake business. Besides she could talk to God in her bedroom any time she wanted to.

"I will show my concern for you." - 1980

On a day when I was feeling a bit down I threw myself on the bed and asked God to speak to me. I opened the Bible at Jeremiah 29:10-14 (Good News version). I knew Jeremiah spoke about God's punishment for the people of Israel, so I decided to close the Bible again. As I was about to do so God said, "First you ask me to talk to you, then you don't want to hear what I have to say." As I looked at the page I had opened these words imprinted themselves upon my heart.

I will show my concern for you and keep my promise to bring you back home. I alone know the plans I have for you, plans to bring you prosperity and not disaster, plans to bring about the future you hope for. Then you will call to me. You will come and pray to me, and I will answer you. You will seek me, and you will find me because you will seek me with all your heart. Yes I say you will find me, ... I, the LORD, have spoken.

Haven't I always Promised to Provide for You? - 1980

My friends Liem and Kwai asked me to pray to God so that Liem would pass her examinations in order to get a permanent position. (She already had a part-time job.) I prayed and the immediate answer was:

Haven't I always promised to provide for you, I will do no more and no less.

Liem failed the examination and didn't get the full-time position. God not only answered Liem's question, but also reassured me that I was not to worry about the necessities of life, because God would provide.

God's Jewel - 1980

After teaching I would normally go to Bible study. This time however, I was too tired and I drove home instead. I don't know why, but halfway there I found myself turning around and ended up at the Bible study. After a while the leader remarked that God has two books, one where our names are written before time and a Book of Remembrance. The following Bible verses touched my heart. Malachi 3:16-17

16/ Then they that feared the LORD spake often one to another: and the LORD hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the LORD, and that thought upon his name.

17/ And they shall be mine, saith the LORD of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. (King James version)

Divorce - 1982

Rosemary a good friend, is separated from her husband. As I like both of them, my dearest wish was for them to stay together. I was thinking to myself, "I wish Rosemary would stay married. I wish Rosemary would stay married."

God interrupted my thoughts and said, "Why didn't you stay married?"

"Because I couldn't bear it LORD!"

"Then don't expect her to bear it!"

I never saw any physical abuse, but that doesn't mean to say that there wasn't any mental abuse.

Fear Not - 1982

A few days before we went camping, I felt rather discouraged at having to cope by myself. As I was arranging some papers a sheet fell out on which I had written a scripture lesson from the previous year. In big bold letters the memory verse read:

Isaiah 41:13 For I the LORD thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

Car accident - 1983

I don't insure my car because I trust God to protect me. In all the years that I have owned a car (11 years) I had never had an accident. Other cars had run into me and out of that my cars had been fixed up, then I would sell them at a profit.

This time however, I ran into a new Corolla. I had not even had time to brake and hit the other car with full force. Unbelievably there was not even a scratch or dint in the Corolla's bumper bar. The damage to my own car came to \$400.

For a week I had to drive around with a wreck of a car until the required parts could be obtained. People said, "But of course you are insured so it won't cost you as much." To that I would reply, "No I'm not insured, because God looks after me." "Well where was God when this happened?" was the usual response.

On the following Saturday morning, while sitting in bed, I sincerely asked God why He had allowed me to have the accident. God's answer came immediately.

"What hurt more the dint in the car, or the dint in your pride?"

I am afraid the dint in my pride had hurt more, after all the car was only one and a half years old.

A Cellar of Wine Turned to Vinegar - 1983

Blessed be the wonderful name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I had prayed to God on many occasions about the evil surrounding the house in Warrawong, where I was holding Bible studies. I had asked God to show me what it was that allowed the evil to be in the house. Two or three weeks later while visiting friends I asked them to pray for my sore neck. Incredibly as my friends were praying God gave me a vision about the house in Warrawong.

In my mind I saw the side of the house and an iron gate leading to the cellar which was full of home made wine. In dismay I realised that I could not destroy the bottles. Driving

home later that night God answered my problem by saying: "Jesus can turn water into wine. Jesus can turn wine into vinegar."

I prayed the prayer, believing a hundred percent. At the next Bible study I asked Chris about the welfare of her father, the owner of the house and maker of wine. "He can't drink the wine anymore from under the house, it makes him sick," came the reply.

The same reply came for many weeks, until one evening Chris said, "He drank a mouthful from one of the bottles last night, however, spat it out immediately saying, 'I can't drink this, it's vinegar'."

After the prayer and the wine turning into vinegar Chris told me that every morning a white dove would come and sit on the roof. How amazing, for the Bible records that the Holy Spirit, during Jesus' baptism, came "down like a dove".

The wrong doctrine of the Unification Pentecostal Church - 1983

The church is also at times referred to as the Jesus only church. My friend Rose had become pulled in by the false doctrine and was trying to convert me. As I was listening to her on the phone, God spoke to me.

"Write down what has happened and every time you think they're not wrong, read it."

The following diary entries tell of people who either were already in the cult, or were being indoctrinated by its members.

1/ Friday

2Peter 3:16 ... There are some difficult things in his letters which ignorant and unstable people explain falsely, as they do with other passages of the Scriptures. So they bring on their own destruction.

As I read the above passages to Anne, there was a tremendous touch of the Holy Spirit and God said:

"Because they deny the Holy Spirit they do not have Him to explain the Scriptures for them."

2/ Sunday

Betty came down for a chat; to run down the Holy Trinity. When I told her to stop insulting the Holy Spirit, or change the subject, or leave, she tried to strangle me. Jesus never tried to strangle anybody because they disagreed with him. Her actions were of the devil. Praise God for His protection, for as she tried to grab my throat the third time it felt as if an invisible wall had slid between us.

3/ Wednesday night (a few weeks later),

As Anne was about to leave she told me she was terrified of going home in her car. We prayed and an evil presence seemed to leave her. Sonja and I felt that there might be something in the car, not of God. Anne explained that earlier, when she had tried to get into the car, she had felt a horrible iciness. As we discussed the matter Anne remembered that she had two books in the car from Tammy, one being called, "The Two Babylons", or something to that affect. The books spoke against the Trinity. We burnt them. When we came back upstairs Anne sank to the floor and asked God's forgiveness for not having paid attention to Him before.

4/ A few days later, Tammy rang Anne, wanting the books. Tammy put all the blame of the destruction of the books on me and said such horrible things about me that Anne felt herself getting sicker and sicker. Anne told me in her sick state she went to John's place, on the way she decided to briefly stop of at her daughter's place. After she finished telling Angela the story, she tried to say, "but Tammy said," and again "but Tammy said." At this point God spoke mightily through her mouth and said, "I am the LORD your God, listen to me, don't listen to Tammy."

5/ 29th November, 1983

I was surprised that Tammy came to wish me a happy birthday, today. She even brought me a lovely bunch of flowers. I received her pleasantly, wondering why she had come. That night I picked up the Bible as usual. The first page I opened showed Acts 26:18, verse 18 was heavily underlined.

You are to open their eyes and turn them from the darkness to the light and from the power of Satan to God, so that through their faith in me they will have their sins forgiven and receive their place among God's chosen people.'

I cried out to the Lord Jesus that I couldn't do anything on my own; only by the Holy Spirit could their eyes be opened. A few days later God caused me to study Daniel - chapter 7:9-14. Verse 9 speaks about God the Father sitting on the throne, verse 13,14 speaks about Jesus Christ approaching the one who sat on the throne.

I rang and told Tammy what God had shown me. Her reply was, "It's a difficult topic. We will have to discuss it at another time."

The whole argument of the Unification Pentecostal Church is that there is only Jesus and He is God. Yes, Jesus is God, but we can't ignore God the Father and God the Holy Spirit. Jesus said, "... baptise them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." At no stage would Jesus Christ lift Himself up above the Father, or the Holy Spirit. So when Peter baptised people in the name of Jesus only, that was not what Jesus had intended. There is only one God, but three persons of that Godhead.

1 John 5:7 For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.

John 1:14 tells us that Jesus Christ is the Word.

The Word became a human being and, full of grace and truth, lived among us. We saw his glory, the glory which he received as the Father's only Son.

Lila

Lila was one of many children who came to Bible study at lunchtime while I taught for the Education Department. Like many other 14 and 15 year olds she had a very sincere heart for God. As God does not look at our sex (Galations 3:28; Joel 2:28), or age (1 Samuel chapter 3 & 1 Samuel chapter 16). He gave Lila spiritual gifts such as the gift of speaking in tongues and interpretations and the word of knowledge (1 Corinthians 12:1-11). Lila however was not the only one who God anointed in a mighty way by His Holy Spirit. The reason for God's presence in these children might be that they came to Him in simple faith and had not been contaminated by religion.

Our Bible studies did not centre on the doctrines of any church, nor did we follow a particular Bible study plan. We simply invited God the Father, the Lord Jesus Christ and the

Holy Spirit to be present and teach us. One minister expressed his jealousy at God's outpouring on these children saying, "In forty years of serving God I've not been given any of the gifts these kids have!"

The Bible says test the spirits, (1John 4:1-6) so whenever Lila came to me and said, "God has said this ..." I would check it out with the Bible. The following are some of the words of knowledge given to her.

Newspaper headline - Woman claims to be the Virgin Mary - 1984

In these harsh times, you've seen the headlines, "Woman claims to be the Virgin Mary", how absurd. Mary was a woman just like you. Also headlines such as, "Man speaks to Jesus, the Virgin Mary and the saints, once a month". Those poor people have to be prayed for, to have their eyes opened to the evil around them.

Christmas

Please give generously to all your brothers and sisters, after all you have got everything because I have willed it to be. Do not, all of a sudden, now at Christmas time feel close to me. That is not how it should be; you should feel like you do now always, not once a year when all this good-will towards men is going around. Good-will towards men should be constant and not taken out of a box only once a year on December 25th.

And in your search for love, don't look too hard or you'll make a mistake.

A Message for Karolina - 1984

Karolina, being filled with the Holy Spirit is a tremendous step, but you must feed on the Holy Spirit with the nourishment it requires. After all if you don't give the fire wood, it will die out, it is the same with the Holy Spirit. You must keep the Holy Spirit alive in you so others may also see the difference.

A message for Trenna - 1984

You have got to learn to stand on your own two feet. What will happen when you get to Keira? Will you neglect your gift because you don't have anyone to sort out your problems? Look Trenna, all you have to do is ask Me how to go about solving your problems and I'll give you your answer. Don't learn to depend on people too much, you know who they are. You have got to turn yourself over to Me entirely, not just half of yourself, not only your ears, or your eyes, these are only instruments I have given you to use in your jobs as disciples for Me. After all I created you, and therefore shouldn't you let me take a little control of your life?

Showing respect

To respect is to honour. To show respect is to have a special acknowledgement towards someone you hold special in your heart. It doesn't mean you only respect some people, such as elders, but respect all, including Myself. It is not such a big favour to ask. And why do you not obey when I tell you to pray. But you hurt me most when you complain saying, "God has given me too much of a burden". Well there is no need to feel heavy in your heart, for I know just how much you can take, and the minute you begin to fall I shall pick you up. He who is a Christian should dedicate his life to God, not to himself. Do not think

Lila has written this of her own accord, it is Me - God. Ask yourself, am I doing all that is expected of me? Or, if I'm a Christian should my life be in God's hands (or my own). If the answer is no, then you will end up nowhere - lost, but if the answer is yes, you shall have the glory of my Kingdom for ever and ever.

Heavy Rock Groups

Lila had been singing Boy George's song, "It's a Miracle", when God said to her:

The only miracle they can make are that of satan to draw in the young and brainwashing them into believing that hell is a free and wonderful place. But when they do find out it is disgusting and foul, it will be too late to change their ways, for all their lives they had a chance to follow me.

The Power of the Tongue

How precious are the words you speak. I made your voice, your mouth and your tongue, which enables you to speak to Me and to others. Even though I have given you all these things, you abuse them and you use foul and dirty language, which has all come from the dark side. I do not want to hear that language which you think is fun to speak. Do you think you will get on better with your friends if you swear? Well if that is the case, you should have realised a long time ago that you are mixing with the wrong kind of people. I'm not saying that you should cut yourself right off from other kinds of people, all I am asking is not to get too involved. You should know the right time to bow out of a group of friends and if you don't, ask Me and I will tell you. The mouth is a powerful weapon, do not use it too often, because it can lead to your downfall. (James 3:1-11).

There is no coincidence only God!

I have given you so many miracles to show you just how strong and powerful I am. But even though I give you all these miracles you still think it's a coincidence, or something else. I know what you want even before you open your mouth to speak to Me. I want to give you all your desires, but you are impatient and you won't wait for further instructions. You let satan in and he shows you an easy way out, but it's the wrong way. If you have a little feeling inside of you, that doesn't feel so good, then make sure who it is - Me or satan. You'll come to the conclusion it's satan.

Ask Me for strength to tell others about Me. That particular task could be impossible for man, but not to God. After all what feels better, bringing someone before God, or not telling them about Me and opening a wide path for them to satan?

The Love of God

I am one God and there is no other. He who disobeys Me will feel my anger and yet he who obeys me will feel my love. Compassion and understanding must be given to those who do not know me, for they too are helpless, and weak as you were before you knew Me. Do you realise how much I love you? Could any earthly person love you more? No!

Water Baptism

Today you have pleased me Lila, (Matthew 3:17, Mark 1:11, Luke 3:22) not only you, but Eileen and Helen also. Going through the waters of baptism was a beautiful step.

God Craves for our Love

Maybe you think I don't love you, well I do. You just don't know how much. You see you put me last; you leave me waiting for you just to make a move. Look, you sit here and put other things before me, such as the television.

Love me and care for me the way I love and care for you. Do you realise how much I crave for your love? Well I do and I wait there at the door, waiting for you to open it.

Many don't know me. Do you realise how much they are missing out on? You have someone to turn to. Someone to praise and some one to ask something from. All these things should make you glad, not depressed. Depression is only for those who do not know me. If you know me as well as you think and say you do then you should know I love you, I protect you and I will never give you away to your enemies.

Tell Karen not to worry about her figure and you too. If boys will only look at you because of your figure then they're not even worth a second look. Boys should like you for what you are, not for what you look like. Surely if I think you're perfect shouldn't others think the same? I mean, I'm so much more powerful than those others and yet I think so highly of you. If you pray and ask me to bring someone your way to love, the right person, then I will help you. I want you to find someone to love and care for and start a family with, I wish it. Don't forget me, that is all I ask.

Delivered from arthritis - 1985

Today I had the privilege of praying for Irena's father, Michael. Upon our arrival Michael complained about the incredible pain in his fingers. Things had gotten so bad that he could hardly hold a knife or fork. The joints of his fingers were already badly deformed. I asked Michael to place his hand on the table. As I placed my hands over his I prayed for healing - nothing happened. Suddenly I felt a tingling from the top of my head to the tips of my fingers and I commanded the spirit of arthritis to leave his hands.

After I had finished praying I told Michael to cry out to Jesus to help him, this he did. Then I asked him to raise his hands and praise God for his healing. After Michael had finished praising God he told me that he had also felt God's anointing from the top of his head to the tips of his fingers. Before prayer the fingers had been icy cold and stiff, but now they were visibly perspiring and Michael could move them without pain. Praise God for a mighty miracle.

Stung by a Wasp - 1985

Sonja was stung 3 times by a wasp. As she screamed in pain I placed my hand on the affected area and prayed hard claiming the Word of God - Mark 16:17-18. I especially prayed that God would neutralise the poison. It was easy to see where she had been stung because the area swelled up as well as becoming very red. I bound the pain in Jesus' name as well as the headache which was developing. Within minutes the pain and the headache lessened. Twenty minutes later all discomfort was completely gone.

Spirit of Mongolism - 1985

When God performed a mighty miracle in Michael's arthritic hands the man lost no time in telling his family about it. His sister-in-law rang me and asked if I could pray for their son who had Down Syndrome. I agreed to go to their place a few days later. In the meantime I decided to seek God on the matter. I needed to know whether the sickness was simply an illness, or whether it was demonic.

I asked God to give me a sign. The sign came in the form of an Old English Sheep dog. Some years before I had been praying for Julie from the Bible study. As I prayed for her I saw a tightly closed rose bud. God told me that if she was to ask Jesus Christ into her life the bud would open up into a rose and His fragrance would flow from her. The colour of the rose could be of her choosing. Another person I prayed for was Nancy. I saw a gold fish swimming in and out of crevices. She was searching, but not prepared to make a commitment. Lastly I prayed for Karin. I saw a beautiful fawn running here and there in the forest, oblivious to danger. That was how she was in real life too. After sharing with the children what God had shown me, Karin asked God later that night, what He saw me as.

Firstly she saw a magnificent horse leading a herd of horses. Then she saw an Old English Sheep dog rounding up the sheep, even nipping them on the back of the legs to get them to go into the fold. God said to Karin, Mrs. Zechner's job is to bring the sheep into the fold. Since that revelation, if ever I ask God for something special, or God is pleased with me in some way, I see an Old English Sheep dog. So it was, as I was on my way to pray for little Mark. I saw an Old English Sheep dog by the side of the road. The dog casually walked to the middle of the road, oblivious to the traffic, stood there, turned around and walked back to the side walk. I then knew that Mark's condition was demonic. We need to be very careful how we pray, because not all sickness or disease is demonic.

I asked Mark's mother if there had been an unusual event around the time of her pregnancy or birth of the child. She immediately responded by saying, "In Hungary, in the old days, we poor people had to entertain ourselves. We did so through séances, contacting spirit guides or fortune-telling. I had a spirit guide. When horrible things started happening around the house I decided to tell the spirit to go. Sometime after my decision my husband insisted that I contact the spirit again for the benefit of one of his friends. Apparently the friend's car had been stolen and he wanted to know where it was. The spirit gave me the information even down to the garage where the car was being kept. All this happened around the time of my son's birth. I made a firm decision after that not to contact the spirit anymore."

She went on to say that Mark had been released from hospital totally normal. As a matter of fact the paediatrician had commented on the perfect health of the child. Five months later while she was holding the baby it let out a piercing scream, from then it was classified as mongoloid. Apparently when the spirit was told to go it wasn't happy about it and decided to stay in the baby instead. Parents, by the sin in their life pass misery and heartache onto their children.

I prayed for the child and in the mighty name of the Lord Jesus Christ the spirit had to go, that was evident by the fact that the child's face, now 5 years old, no longer looked mongoloid. The parents were overjoyed at God's mighty work and became Christians. Some months later while both our families were camping God pointed something out to me about the parent's treatment of Mark. The father was still feeding him and treating him as if he was handicapped. I was told to tell them that as long as they treated him as a mongoloid he would stay one. If they believed that he had been set free then they were to treat him as such.

Gradually Mark started to speak and I even started teaching him to read and write. The child made wonderful progress. Sadly however, the parents did not stop treating him like a handicapped child and so God was only allowed to do that in their son's life what they allowed. Some years later when I saw the boy again he wasn't as bad as when I had first met him, but he certainly hadn't been totally restored. It is sad when people stand in God's way.

The Burning in my Eyes - 1986

Rebuke the pepper that satan has put into your eyes and ask that God wash out the eyes with His cleanser, antiseptic and medication the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Tell satan that it says in the Bible that God cares for every sparrow, then how much more, will He care for His child who has His precious blood in her.

My Spine - 1986

The following prayer enabled me to stand and sit without back pain. Ask God to replace the worn disc. Ask God to put His calcium compound into the bones of the back to make them stronger, Ask God to make a prop to hold up the spine correctly. Rebuke the slimy fluid that satan has injected into the spine to make the discs move.

Praise God my back is totally healed!

A Prophecy - 1986

Be kind and gentle for these are the days in which satan will rise and look as if he is to defeat. But I will not allow him; for such a mighty stir will arise within my people, that satan will be totally crushed. These are the days in which my servants are necessary and need to be strong, wise and bold to fight the enemy, and save all my dear blind beloved children.

Erika's Physical Condition - 1986

I was given the following prayer for Erika:

Rebuke the spirit of violence that is stopping her from total healing. Rebuke the spirits of delay and incomplete deliverance - ½ of everything spiritually and physically. The spirit, or demon of violence was stopping the woman from complete healing, referred to her physical condition. The spirit of violence was also stopping the woman's growth in her relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ, therefore the reference to ½ of everything spiritually and physically. As I always say to people, 'how you are in the physical is how you are in the spiritual'. By that I mean if a person is lazy when it comes to looking after their belongings, or cleaning their place, they will also be lazy when it comes to reading the Bible or praying for God's Kingdom. Also if a person is too lazy to work at a relationship in the physical, how much more are they going to be lazy when it comes to working at their relationship with Almighty God who they can't see?

The Lump in my Throat

A prayer for the lump in my throat:

Take hold of the affected area and ask that Jesus give your hands healing power and rub your hand up, down and around the lump. Ask Jesus to surround it with His healing balm. Then tell satan he can't get to it because it is covered by Jesus' healing balm and he cannot

disobey (Psalm 148:6) for satan was defeated long, long ago and in the name of that defeat and in Jesus' name - command it to go and it will. Praise God the lump went.

Unbelief that Christians can be possessed by an evil spirit

Although he is a lovely caring man, my minister did not believe that a Christian could also be possessed by an evil spirit. This really irritated me for I had seen the contrary many times in Christians.

I prayed the following prayer God gave me:

Ask God to open his eyes and let him see himself inside and that he really understands the true meaning of the verses he reads in regards to possession. Command that the unbelief living within him curl up and die - disintegrate and never come to life again. Tell that spirit it must go and read the Word of God to it. Say to that spirit - in Jesus' name I take control of you and I take your concentration and attention and I command you to listen to me.

I prayed that prayer and left it at that. A little while later, during Bible study God showed Lila a vision of my minister. She saw a big black snake curled around his heart and reaching for his throat. The mouth of the snake was slit on one side. My prayer had only slit the snake's mouth; not killed it. Truly the word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword.

Lila and I prayed earnestly then and there. I also prayed more that afternoon when I got home. I kept it up till I felt in my heart that there had been a breakthrough. I was to learn later that the man had already had three short heart attacks in the previous months. I know that the second prayer accomplished what it had been sent out to do for the man no longer argued about the fact that Christians can have demons.

Work Accident - 1987

Michael rang to ask me to come and pray for a friend of his who was visiting his home. This man had been involved in an accident at work. He was suffering severe pain in his back and shoulder. The Lord Jesus healed this man, for after prayer he was able to move about freely again. Thank you Lord Jesus for your healing touch!

The Apple Core in my Throat - 1988

Thursday proved to be an eventful day. Not only did I realise that Diana and her mother had most definitely been involved with a cult, but also the fact that after eating a piece of tea cake I felt as if part of an apple core was still stuck way down my throat.

The interesting revelation after my discussion with Diana had been about the demon, the "imitator of the Holy Spirit". I was able to explain to Diana and her mother, after much prayer, what they had been involved in. Namely that a church that teaches you are only saved once you speak in tongues is not of God. For the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ saves us not tongues. Also the church baptised in the name of Jesus only, therefore by leaving out God the Father and God the Holy Spirit, they didn't have the Holy Spirit to give them the gift of tongues.

Diana had come to Bible study saying that she spoke in tongues. Asked when she had invited Jesus into her heart she said she hadn't. So where did the tongues come from? After asking Jesus into her heart Diana admitted to no longer feeling comfortable speaking in

tongues. Praise God both mother and daughter made Jesus the Lord of their life and then the Holy Spirit gave each a new tongue.

By Friday the lump was still in my throat having gotten worse instead of better. I had claimed my healing, but nothing happened, now I got really angry with the devil and told him to get lost. After that my throat rapidly improved so much so that I could freely eat again on Saturday. By Sunday I had forgotten I had ever had a huge obstacle way down my throat.

The Anointing with Oil - 1988

The devil doesn't like it when you lead people to the Lord Jesus Christ and then cast demons out of them. K.C. had been brought to me by a friend. K.C. couldn't even ask the Lord Jesus into her heart because Satan had taken control of her tongue. The Holy Spirit told me to anoint her with oil. I had never done that before when casting out demons. The effect was electric. K.C. reacted in almost a violent manner. Nonetheless, after the anointing and prayer she was able to ask Jesus into her heart and ask forgiveness for her sins. I commanded the evil spirit, which had manifested itself to tell me its name. It said, "death".

I asked God to tell me what gave this demon a hold in her life. God told me that at some stage in her life she had said that she hated God and wanted to be a child of satan. I had to take her through a prayer which asked God's forgiveness for having said that. Then she had to say that she wanted to be God's child, while at the same time telling the devil to get out of her life. She was also to cut off all other previous associations with the devil. Still the spirit wouldn't leave. I asked K.C. if there was anything else she had to tell me. She said that she saw the face of her mother, a woman who was involved in the occult. K.C. then had to be taken through a prayer cutting the spiritual association with her mother. The devil made it very difficult but eventually that was also achieved, by the constant anointing of oil.

Finally the evil spirit said that satan still had a hold on K.C. through her boyfriend. Even though satan through this prayer, and the previous one, made it very hard for K.C. to talk, that tie was also cut. During the prayer of deliverance K.C. constantly saw visions of her mother, with grotesque demonic faces. She also saw herself travelling through a tunnel, going down. The evil spirit said when I was praying for Kelly and anointing her with oil it was being cut up. The evil spirit tried to trick me, making me believe it had left, when it hadn't. Finally however, K.C. saw it in her mind going down a chute screaming as it did.

God reminded me to also cast out the spirit of imagination and lies. As I cast out the spirit of imagination, she saw what looked like a glass container filling up with muddy water. After that she no longer saw any visions. Praise to the Lord Jesus Christ that He has given us the power over "all the works of the Enemy".

Consequently satan tried to attack my skin through burning and itchiness; as well as cutting off the circulation from my hand and feet. Praise Almighty God for He also healed and delivered me from those afflictions.

The Opaque Window - 1989

For weeks I had been beating my head against a brick wall, so to speak. The Year 10 girls were coming to Bible study, but I wasn't getting through to them. It was as if there was a wall between them and myself and God. I told the girls as much. To my surprise one spoke for the three of them and said that they weren't really interested in God, but they came anyway. They didn't know why they came, but they just felt compelled to do so.

At this stage God gave me a vision. I saw myself in the bathroom. The light was on and it was dark outside. It was as if I was looking down on the situation, for I saw the three girls outside trying to look in.

God explained the vision to me as follows. The light in the bathroom represented Jesus - the light of the world. The girls although they had previously asked Jesus into their heart were in the world of darkness, satan's kingdom. The opaque window represented the barrier between them and the Lord Jesus Christ. After I explained the vision to the girls, they became very excited and agreed that was how they had felt.

Two girls at the same time also had a vision of being locked in the shower recess. I asked them whether they wanted to be God's children, or satan's children. They chose God – the Lord Jesus Christ. I then led them through a prayer and as I finished I saw the glass of the shower recess first crack, then break altogether. Praise God for His mighty miracles!

A prayer for Irene's Ears and Eyes - 1989

Rebuke the plug satan has put in her ears and ask that God flush out the ears with His cleanser - the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ask God to drain the fluid in her eyes and to refill the eyes with God's healing fluid. Ask that God replace all the dead instruments in the ears and eyes, and replace them with living components of God.

A Prayer for Patricia - Lock out the Past - 1990

Ask that God will remove the blindfold and handcuffs holding Patricia back from God. Pray that her past will not cluster and choke her. Ask that God will hold back her past and prevent it from affecting her.

Pray that God will fill her with discontentment where her present life is concerned. Pray that God would fence her in (Hosea 2:6) to His life and to lock out the filthy past.

Hosea 2:6 So I am going to fence her in with thorn bushes and build a wall to block her way.

Jesus the Lighthouse - 1997

When my face appeared on the front page of the newspaper, after the court case, people who I didn't even know, rang to congratulate me. That is how I came to speak to Debbie. Listening to a complete stranger on the phone, I found out that this woman had also been battling corruption. She passionately described her struggles. After half an hour I said that I needed to get off the phone.

Her reply was, "I suppose you think I'm mad."

"No", I said, "I see you more as somebody who has been put through a washing machine and then the wringer."

"That's true."

Before we could continue our conversation she asked me to hold on a minute as there was somebody on the other line. As I waited I saw a vision of a woman standing on short cut grass, near a cliff. Behind her was a lighthouse. She was being buffeted by very strong winds, the aim of these winds being to throw her off the cliff.

When our conversation resumed, I didn't tell her what I had seen, nor did I tell her that God had told me to tell her to run into the lighthouse. Jesus being the lighthouse. Not till the next time when I spoke to her on the phone did the topic come up. The conversation turned to Jesus and I suggested she should hand her problems over to Him. However, she had had a bad experience with a particular church and therefore had lost her faith. I decided that now was a good time to tell her what God had shown me.

Bearing in mind that I had never set eyes on her I described what she looked like in the vision. The woman agreed that my description of her had been correct. I also pointed out to her that she had a peculiar trait, that trait being unusually long arms. That revelation astounded her and she agreed that whenever she bought a long sleeved blouse, the arms were too short for her. At the close of the conversation her attitude towards God had changed and she asked me to let her know if God ever told me something about her again.

I recommend that everybody should seek their refuge in Jesus Christ, whether they are buffeted by life's problems or not.

A dream about my daughter Sonja - 1998

I praise God for His goodness and speaking to me in dreams and visions. I only spoke to Sonja on the phone for a little while on Saturday. She complained about being in severe pain in the back and neck region.

Later that night I said my usual prayers of, "God please protect my children, grandchildren and myself as we sleep." As I prayed, God reminded me of a terrible nightmare I had, had in the early hours of that morning. My neighbour had rudely awakened me that morning by starting the car at 4.45. I wasn't impressed! Finally I fell asleep again; it was then that I had the nightmare.

I was in a room with my two children, Connie and Sonja. In the dream they were about 10 and 12, although they are now 31 and 33. All of a sudden Connie stuck what looked like a skewer into Sonja's forehead. As Sonja reeled back I was too horrified to pull out the metal skewer. The next thing I saw was Sonja rolling on the floor like a cat or dog that had been run over and was about to die. At that stage the dream ended.

As I said my prayers on Saturday night, God reminded me of the dream and told me to pull out the skewer in the spiritual and then ask God to repair whatever damage had been done to the body. For here was the cause of her back and neck pain.

Today I rang Sonja and asked her about her back pain. She said that amazingly there was only a tiny bit of pain. The severe pain that had plagued her for one and half weeks had gone the night before.

I told her about the dream and God's instructions. She was amazed. I truly thank Almighty God, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Cholesterol and Triglycerides 1998

I praise God for His miracle working power. About 6 weeks ago I had a persistent upset stomach, although I had prayed about it. I went to the doctor and as a routine question she asked me what my cholesterol was like. I told her that a test, 17 years previously, had showed 4.6 units. She suggested that it was high time I had another one.

I don't know who was more shocked, the doctor or me, but the results showed that the cholesterol level was 8.6 and the triglycerides level was 2.4. In the case of the triglycerides the maximum allowed level in the body is 2, mine was obviously well and truly over the limit.

The doctor pointed out to me that there was enough fatty tissue in my arteries to cause a stroke, or heart attack. She immediately put me on medication; one tablet per day for 30 days. I told her that I wanted to have a blood test after 30 days, to see the change in the reading. She told me that it would take 4 to 5 months to reduce the cholesterol and triglycerides.

Besides taking the tablets I was also to have 2 tablespoons of red wine with my meal every night. To her instructions I added a prayer every morning before I put any food or drink into my mouth.

Oh LORD my God, please clean out all excessive fat in my arteries and veins. Please reduce the level of cholesterol and triglycerides. I rebuke the devil's interference with the production of excessive cholesterol and triglycerides. I put all food and drink that will enter my mouth today, into the bondage of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Five weeks later I went to another doctor for a blood test the result was: cholesterol 6.4 triglycerides 1.6 The doctor asked how I had reduced the levels so quickly. My answer to that was, prayer. He couldn't accept that so he came up with the excuse that maybe I hadn't fasted before the last test, or maybe pathology had made a mistake. To his argument I simply said: "Why don't you just give God the credit!" He then answered and said, "Well you better keep on praying every day and come back in 5 months for another check up."

Prayer for the unsaved - 1998

God gave me the following prayer for an unsaved person.

Just as Jesus Christ called Lazarus out of the world of the dead, so ask Jesus Christ to call them out of the kingdom of darkness and by the power of His Holy Spirit they must come.

Allergy to cats - 1998

The church I attended needed a place for their visiting evangelist to stay. Jenny's place was suggested, but alas, the woman had a cat and as Dolcene suffered from an allergy to cats she couldn't possibly go there.

From childhood onwards Dolcene had suffered from an allergy to cats. Her body would break out in a rash. In severe cases she would almost suffocate as her lungs closed up. In these instances she would need medication, or choke to death. It was therefore understandable that she didn't want to go somewhere where she had to share a house with a cat. My place became the only other option.

I could sympathise with Dolcene's handicap, but I was a bit puzzled as to how an evangelist could be on her way to India to help the masses, when she couldn't overcome a problem in her own life. After a few days at my place I challenged her on the problem. I told her we would pray about the issue then she could play with the neighbour's cat, in order to put her faith into practice.

For three days she always came up with the same excuse, "Oh I don't feel up to it today, we'll do it tomorrow." Finally I had enough and told her point blank that if she couldn't deal with this issue now, how was she going to deal with the problems that would arise in India. She got my point loud and clear and consented to prayer. First we bound the spirit of fear. Then we bound the spirit of allergy and claimed God's mighty healing power, in Jesus' mighty name. Faith without action is worthless, so it was time to play with the cat.

Dolcene picked up the cat and played with it for 5 minutes. There was no reaction whatsoever. Previously for 42 years she couldn't go near a cat, but now she was actually holding and playing with one. God is indeed a miracle working God.

Prepared to go only halfway.

I asked the Lord Jesus what the difference was between a friend and myself. Sheila and her husband had started the local Missionary Alliance Church. She went to every church meeting and knew the Bible a lot better than I did. Yet I felt in my heart that there was a difference between us.

I hadn't expected God to answer me, not immediately anyway. As I sat with my eyes closed, I saw the following vision. Jesus came out the front door of a magnificent double storey mansion and ran down the front steps. Next, I saw on the left hand side of the picture Sheila. She was trudging along a completely barren landscape. There were no trees, grass or even rocks. Jesus and Sheila met exactly halfway. Jesus joyfully said to her, "Welcome my child, welcome my child; come on, come on." She replied sternly, "No this is far enough!" At that stage the vision ended.

Sadly Sheila and her husband are only religious, refusing to believe in the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and instead have set up their own rules and regulations, deciding on how far they should go.

Romans 10: 2/ I can assure you that they are deeply devoted to God; but their devotion is not based on true knowledge.

3/ They have not known the way in which God puts people right with himself, and instead, they have tried to set up their own way; and so they did not submit themselves to God's way of putting people right.

Jesus Christ went all the way to the cross. How far are you prepared to go?

(There are many more diary entries but the above are the only ones I felt in my heart to include.)

Conclusion

Jesus said: "Come to me, all of you who are tired from carrying heavy loads, and I will give you rest." Matthew 11:28

How simple the above words are. I have come to experience the rest, peace and joy that only Almighty God can give in very difficult circumstances. My prayer is that whoever reads this book will also reach for the kind of fulfillment that is not found in the world, but only through the Holy Spirit. Let God's miracle working power give you new life through the Lord Jesus Christ.

Appendix

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

**Jesus said: "You must be born again."
John 3:3**

We are born into different churches because of our parents' belief. We are born into the Kingdom of God through the acceptance of Jesus Christ into our heart.

"Listen! I stand at the door and knock; if **anyone** hears my voice and opens the door, I will come into his house and eat with him, and he will eat with me."

Revelation 3:20

Jesus stands at the door of our heart and knocks, he waits to be asked in.

There are many people who go to church every week, but have never asked Jesus Christ to be the Lord of their life. Many times over the years, I have asked Mormons, Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ, when it was that they asked Jesus Christ into their hearts as their personal Saviour. At first there is a shocked reaction, as if I had sworn at them, then a very long pause, eventually the comment that it was during baptism when they were baptised into the Mormon Church. How sad, these sincere young men have made an **organisation** their **saviour**. No wonder there is so much religious strife in the world, because people have formed **relationships** with **an organisation** rather than the one and only true God, Jesus Christ. Also you need to have asked Jesus Christ into your heart first before you even think of water baptism.

Why does Jesus want to bother with us?

God created us and as his children he **loves** us, regardless of our race, or skin colour. He wants to have a **personal relationship with us**. If we say that we belong to a church then we automatically follow those rules and regulations.

Matthew 15:8,9

8/ "These people, says God, honour me with their words, but their heart is really far away from me.

9/ It is no use for them to worship me, because they **teach man-made rules as though they were my laws!**"

Yes, the Bible says to have fellowship with others, but if we have never handed our life over to Jesus Christ and do what he wants us to do, then we are just RELIGIOUS. As a matter of fact many people who call themselves Christians shame the name of Jesus Christ. The world looks at them and says, "If that is God then I don't want to have anything to do with him." Sadly people can't tell the difference between what is of God and religion.

From the time I was a child I was taught not to eat meat on Good Friday. That tradition stayed with me for a very long time. Not until I had a close relationship with Jesus Christ, did I throw that tradition and many others out of my life. There is no reference in the Bible that I can't eat meat on Good Friday. As a matter of fact the Bible says:

1/ The Spirit says clearly that some people will abandon the faith in later times; **they will obey lying spirits and follow the teachings of demons.**

2/ Such teachings are spread by deceitful liars, whose consciences are dead, as if burnt with a hot iron.

3/ Such people teach that **it is wrong to marry** and to **eat certain foods**. But God created those foods to be eaten, after a prayer of thanks, by those who are believers and have come to know the truth. **1Timothy 4:1-4**

My life was ruled by the traditions of my upbringing. Jesus Christ however, wants to set us free from the **traditions of men** and the **fears** that come with them. Jesus Christ said:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one goes to the Father except by me." John 14:6
There are those who teach that Jesus Christ is not God, however, the Bible tells us that Jesus Christ said:

John 10:30 The Father and I are one.

John 14:11 Believe me when I say that I am in the Father and the Father is in me.

Hebrews 1:8 About the Son, however, God said; "Your kingdom, O God, will last for ever and ever! You rule over your people with justice.

Why don't people want to know Jesus Christ?

1/ They are religious.

There are those who think that by going to church on Sunday and doing their own thing for the rest of the week is all right, not so! You can't pray to Mary or the saints and follow the regulations of a church and then think you will go to heaven. *Sadly, people never bother to read the Bible to see if what they believe is correct.*

2/ They do not want to change their sinful life.

People think that because they cannot see God, he cannot see them, so they do as they please. God is not deaf or blind.

The Lord sees what happens everywhere; he is watching us, whether we do good or evil. Proverbs 15:3

The Lord watches over the righteous and listens to their cries; Psalms 34:15

Be set free!!

John 8:31/ So **Jesus said** to those who **believed in him**, "If you **obey my teaching**, you are really my disciples; 32/ you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free."

Many say, "**of course I believe**", but never do anything about getting to know what they believe in. What does Jesus require from us?

1/ To ask Jesus into our heart and hand our life over to him.

Not what we want any more, in our selfish ways, but what Jesus wants and only he knows what is the best for us! We need to come to the understanding that we are sinners and without the gift of salvation we will go to hell. We cannot clean ourselves up, only Jesus Christ can.

2/ Be filled with His Holy Spirit.

Acts 1:4 And when they came together, he gave them this order: "Do not leave Jerusalem, but wait for the gift I told you about, the gift my Father promised. 5/ John baptised with water, but in a few days you will be baptised with the Holy Spirit.

John 4:24 Jesus said, "God is Spirit, and only by the power of his Spirit can people worship him as he really is."

John 6:63 Jesus said, "What gives life is God's Spirit; man's power is of no use at all. The words I have spoken to you bring God's life-giving Spirit."

John 3:5 "I am telling you the truth," replied Jesus. "No one can enter the Kingdom of God unless he is born of water and the Spirit."

There are those churches that say because a person has asked Jesus Christ into their heart, the Holy Spirit, being part of the Trinity, will automatically come into their heart - not so!

Acts 8:15,16 and Acts 19:1,2 clearly show that the believers and even disciples of Jesus in Ephesus had not received the Holy Spirit when they became Christians. Instead the Bible tells us that we must ask God the Father to give us the Holy Spirit. We must welcome the Holy Spirit into our hearts just as we welcomed Jesus Christ into our life.

Luke 11:13 "Bad as you are, you know how to give good things to your children. **How much more, then, will the Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to those who ASK him!"**

(The above are the words of JESUS CHRIST!)

Act 1:2,4,8

Jesus needed the power of the Holy Spirit in His life. How much more then should we have the Holy Spirit in our life. It is a commandment of Jesus Christ to seek the infilling or Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Without the Holy Spirit there is no power in the person's life to live the way that Jesus wants them to live, they are just RELIGIOUS! It's like the labourer going to work with his lunch in the lunchbox; however, unless he eats the lunch he will receive no energy, or power to do the days work.

I can relate to the above in my own life. For 5 years I had gone to the Baptist church, but had never heard a sermon on asking the Holy Spirit into my heart. I became none the wiser in my 5 years with the Church of Christ. Only at an Apostolic Church did the issue arise. During my visits to this church I became convicted that these people were on FIRE for Jesus while I was LUKEWARM, or just PLAIN RELIGIOUS. I decided to go forward for prayer one day because I felt convicted that I wasn't what God wanted me to be. I vaguely said I wanted prayer in order that I might get closer to Jesus. They said what I needed was to be filled with God's Holy Spirit. Since that prayer I haven't been the same. I haven't stopped talking about Jesus Christ and God has given me the gifts of the Holy Spirit so that signs and wonders have been happening in my life and those I come in contact with.

John 1:34 Jesus baptises with the Holy Spirit.

Corinthians 2:14 Whoever does not have the Spirit cannot receive the gifts that come from God's Spirit.

Humans are basically weak and cannot say no to life's temptations, be it gambling, smoking, alcohol, drugs, lust, whatever!

Acts 1:8 **"But when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, you will be filled with power,"**

Jesus is referring to sharing our faith with others, but this also applies to living a more successful life in daily matters.

3/ Be baptised in water.

According to Matthew 28:19 Jesus orders us to be baptised in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. There are those who baptise in the name of Jesus only, following the teachings of the apostle Peter, but to me Jesus Christ is

Lord and I follow His commands. Jesus never lifted himself above the Father. Besides, the name of the Father is Jehovah and the name of the Son is Jesus Christ.

Baptism is a condition of salvation. Mark 16:16
Whoever believes and is baptised will be saved, whoever does not believe will be condemned.

Jesus gave an example of how it is to be done. Mark 1:10. We are to go completely under the water. Why? To leave the old sinful life behind. Romans 6:3,4.

Sprinkling a baby at birth with 3 drops of water is not mentioned anywhere in the Bible, besides the baby doesn't even know yet what is right or wrong. The baby can't even talk to say it wants to be part of the ceremony, somebody else makes the decision. **We need to make a decision, as ADULTS, whether we want Jesus Christ in our life and follow him through the waters of baptism.**

Jesus Christ went to the cross and hung there in agony for 6 hours, will you make room in your heart for Him and follow His simple commands?

If you have never asked Jesus to be your Saviour then pray the following prayer.

Oh Lord, my God, I come to you today and I ask you to forgive me for my sins. Lord Jesus I believe you are the Son of God and died on the cross to save me from my sins. I ask you now to come into my heart and be my Lord, Master, Saviour and God. Heavenly Father I ask you to give me the Holy Spirit. Holy Spirit I invite you into my heart, please teach me and guide me in all that I should know in order to get to serve God better. Lord Jesus I ask you now according to Matthew 3:11 to baptise me with your Holy Spirit and fire. Please burn up in my life all those things which would hinder my walk with you. Please Holy Spirit give me those gifts which I will need to serve the Kingdom of God better. Amen

If we have done things that have allowed the devil into our life then we also need to tell him to get out. Pray the following: "Jesus please forgive me for having allowed the devil into my life, wash me clean from that sin with your precious blood." Then say; "I tell you devil, Jesus is now my Lord, Master, Saviour and God, and he has forgiven me for serving you. So I now cut off all past association with you devil. I take the ends and tie them off separately and put them under the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ never to join again.